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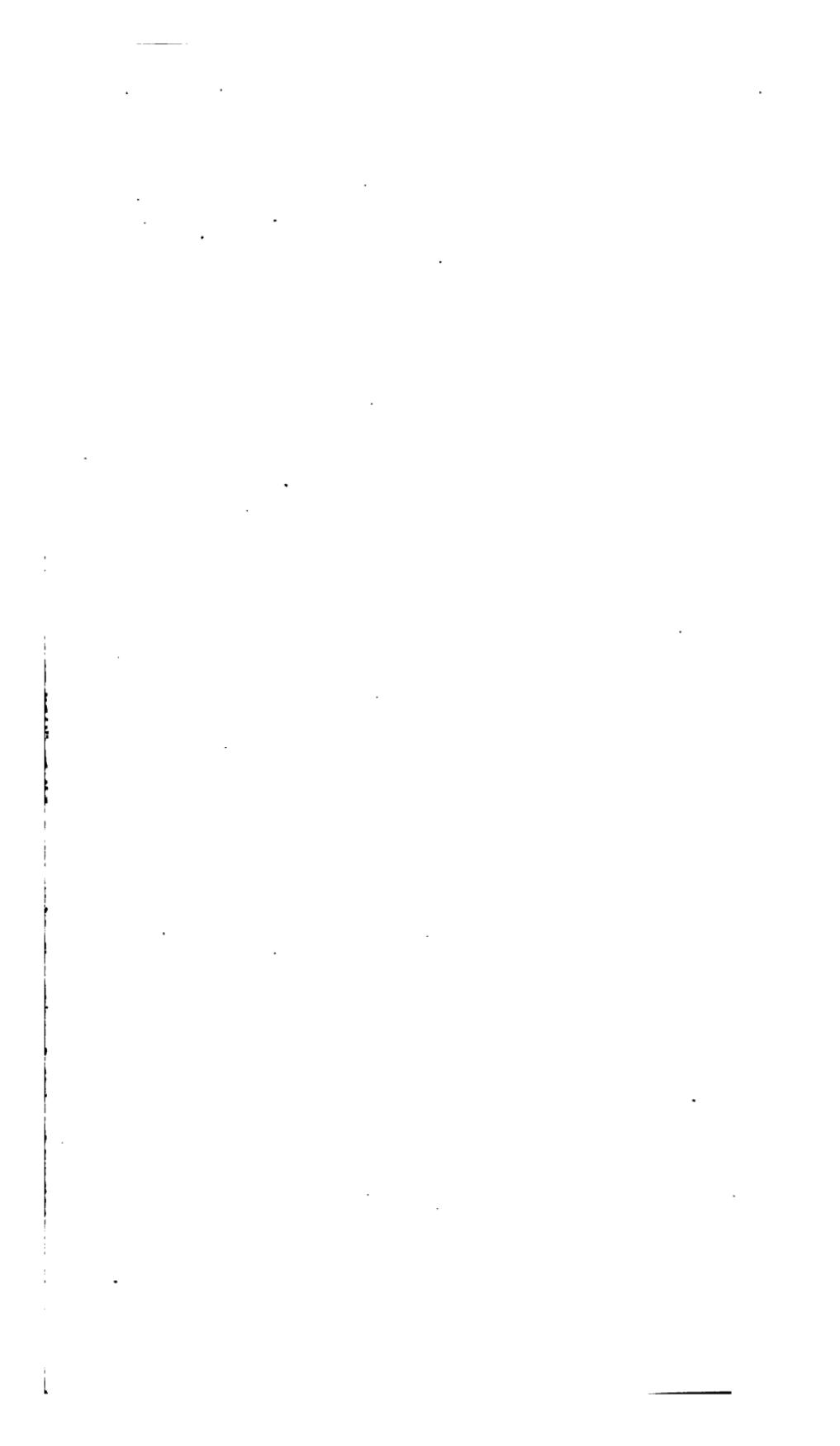


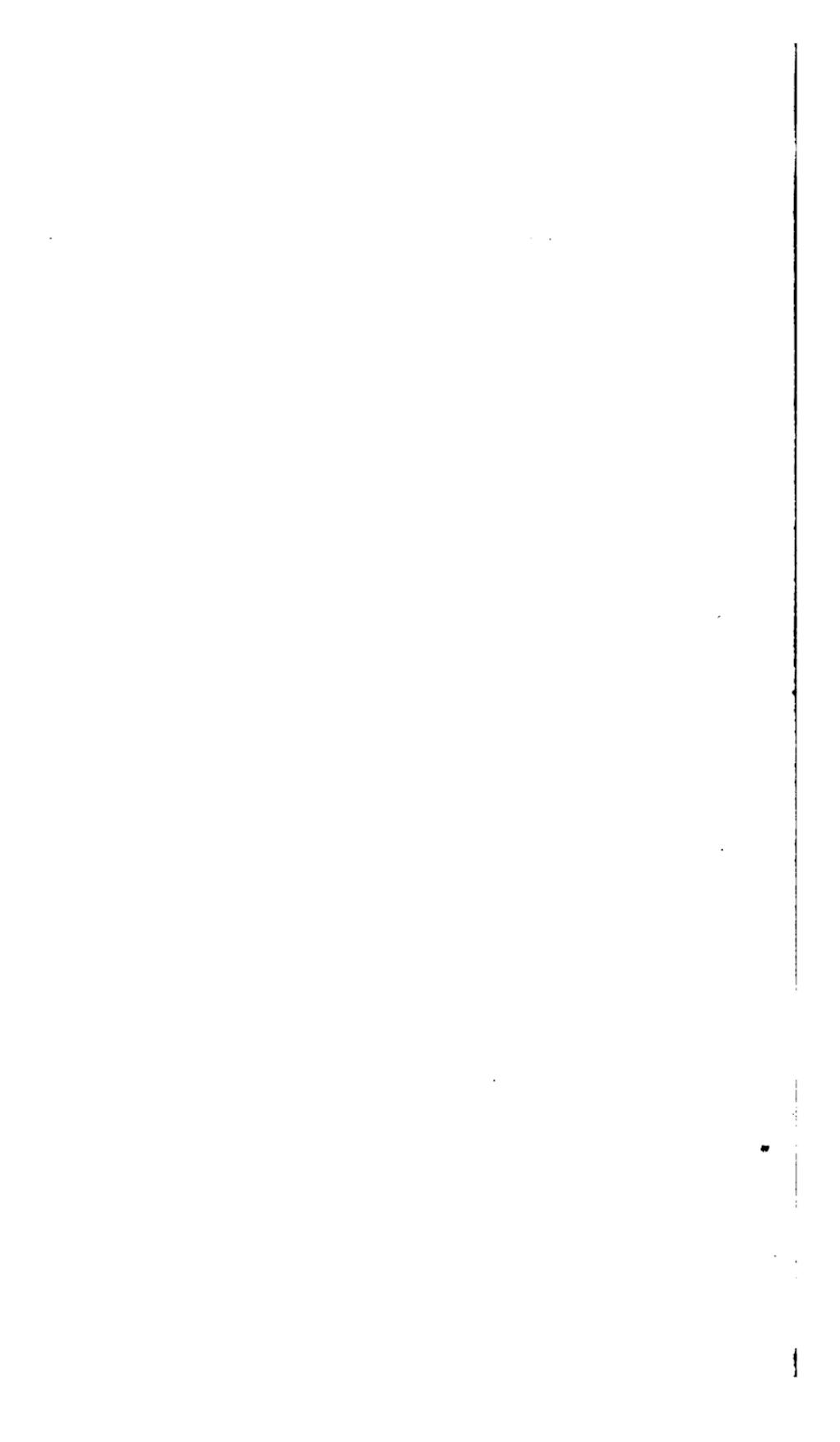
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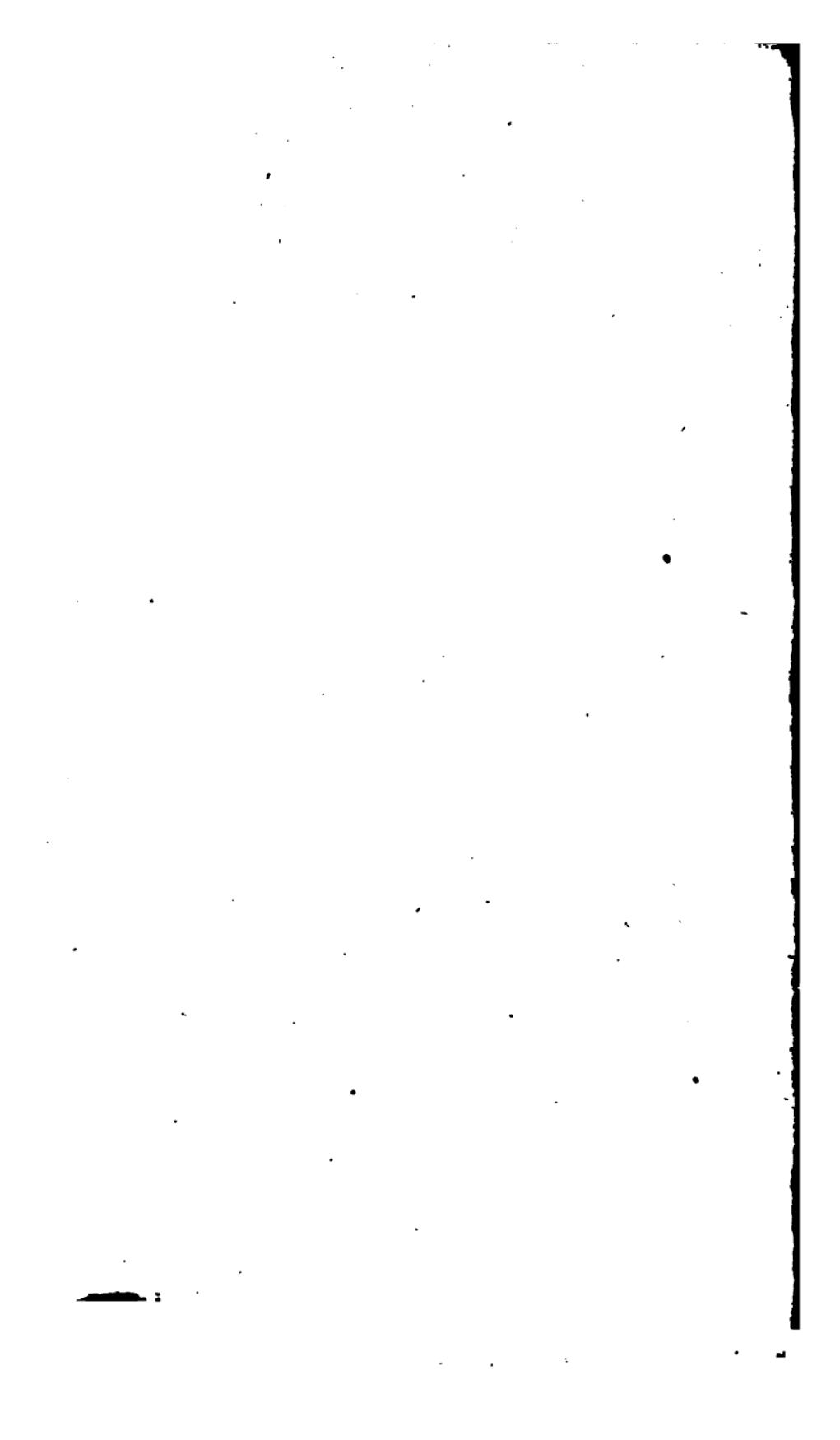
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CLASS OF 1882

of New York







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A

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. EDMUND D. GRIFFIN.

BY

THE REV. JOHN McVICKAR, D.D.

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY, ETC., IN COLUMBIA COLLEGE, NEW-YORK.

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THE following Memoir was originally published, prefixed to "The Remains" of their lamented subject. Its reprint in a separate and cheaper form having been repeatedly called for, and at length solicited on the part of a Society* whose labors have been always usefully directed, the author felt himself no longer entitled to hesitate; but with the approbation of the editor of the original work, through whose kindness he is enabled to add to its interest by several extracts from the Journal, it is now put forth in the trust that it may accomplish some portion of that good among the rising youth of our country, which was the original motive for undertaking it.

Columbia College, New-York, 15th June, 1832.

* The following is the application above alluded to.

New-York, May 30, 1832.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

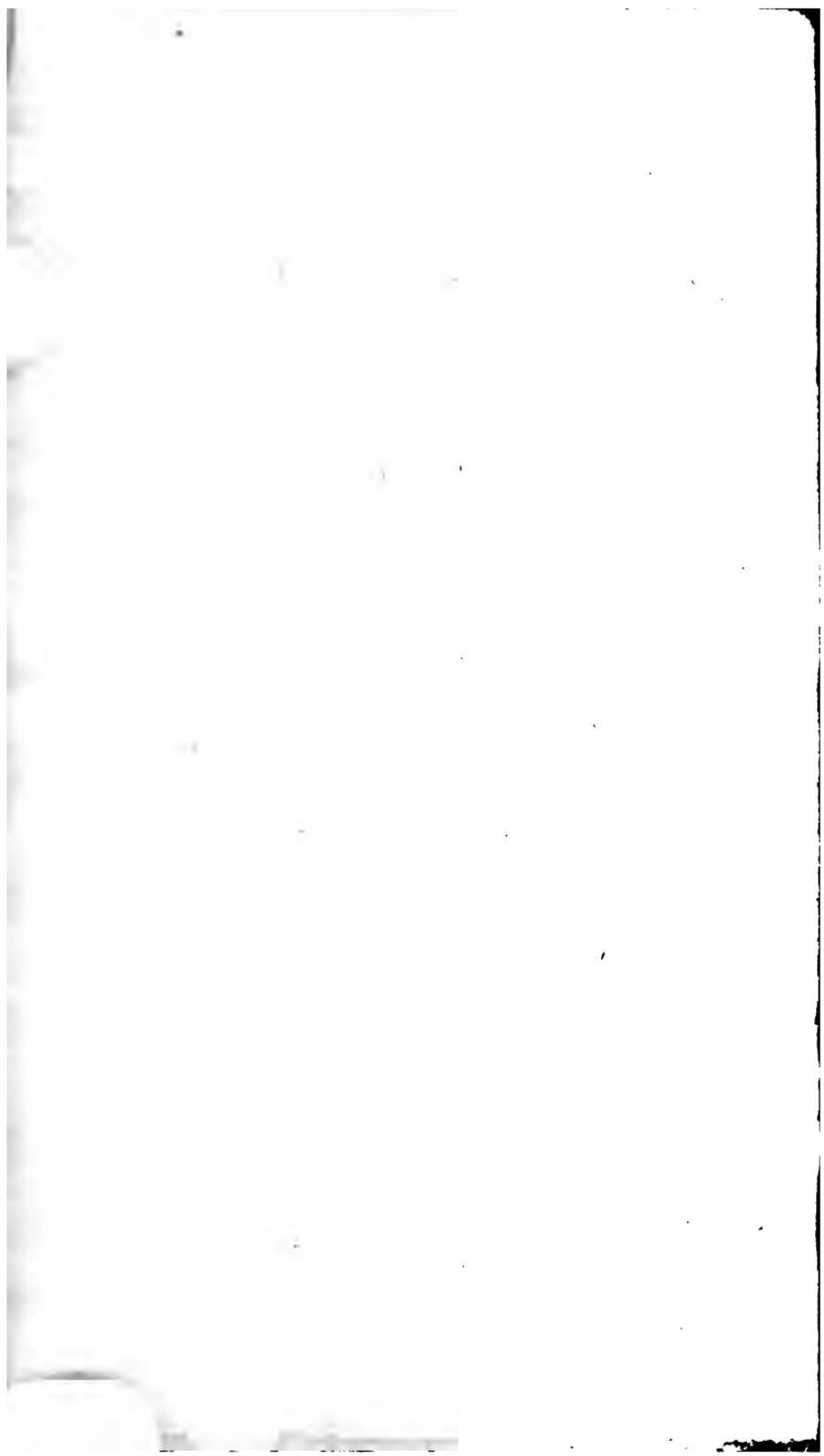
The Executive Committee of the General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union, having understood that an edition of the 'Memoir of the Rev. Edmund D. Griffin' prefixed to his 'Remains,' will probably be published in a detached form, beg leave to request through you, that the privilege be granted to the Institution with which they are connected, of placing this work upon its catalogue, and issuing it from its press. The obvious ground of their application,—apart from the merit of the work, and its promise of usefulness,—I need not say is—the relation which its subject sustained to the Church by which this Society is patronized.

Very respectfully, by order,

JOHN V. VAN INGEN,

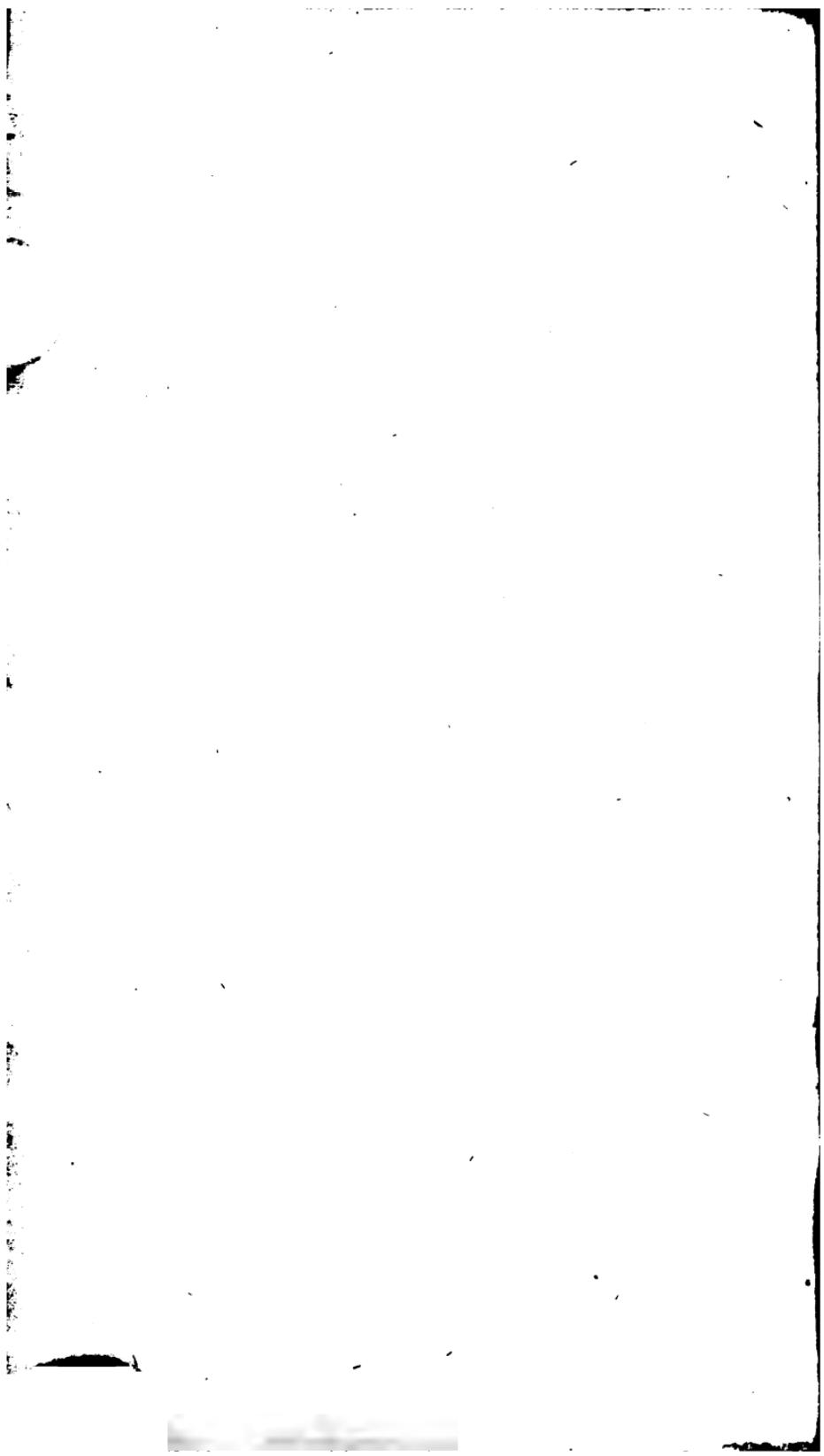
*Secretary of the Executive Committee General Protestant
Episcopal Sunday School Union.*

THE REV. J. McVICKAR, D. D.



THE life of a domestic studious young man, terminating before its twenty-sixth anniversary, it is obvious cannot possess many materials for interesting the public. At the best, it can be but an amiable and flattering picture of what life promised, rather than what it performed; and the highest aim it can propose, is the delineation of a virtuous and well-spent youth. The writer of the following narrative deems it due, in justice both to himself and readers, to say, beforehand, that such is all this Memoir professes to be; and it must serve as his apology for dwelling at large upon many little incidents of boyhood and youth, which, in any other light, would appear trifling and irrelevant. They serve to fill up a moral picture which he knows to be just, thinks to be interesting, and would fain hope will be found to be useful.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, 25th May, 1831.



M E M O I R .

EDMUND D. GRIFFIN, second son of George Griffin, Esq., of New-York, was born at Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, on the 10th September, 1804. He was the grandson, on the mother's side, of Col. Zebulon Butler, a distinguished revolutionary officer, who was long regarded as the patriarch of that secluded village, having commanded on the side of its defenders in the memorable but ill-fated engagement (3d July, 1778) which terminated in the devastation, by the British and their Indian allies, of that beautiful and now classic valley. When Edmund was about two years old his parents removed to the city of New-York, where the family fixed their residence. During his early years, nothing is recollected which deserves particular notice. He possessed the usual vivacity and buoyancy of childhood, but with great delicacy of constitution. With a view to strengthen his health, much of his time was passed in the country, where he continued at various schools until the age of twelve years. The records of his early progress are now forgotten, save that he was always at the head of his class; and the uniform prediction of his teachers, that if his life and health were spared, he would one day be an ornament to his family and country. He lived long

enough, it may be said, to *justify* this prediction, if not to *fulfil* it ; and it is now recalled, by those to whom his memory is dear, as a pleasing proof of the early and native excellencies of his mind and heart. These, however, are still more touchingly remembered as they were exhibited during his occasional visits at home. He there evinced all that deep attachment to the domestic circle which characterized him through life. His vacations were anticipated and hailed, not as relaxations from study, but as the means of restoring him to his beloved home. His mother and his little sister became then his chosen companions ; to them he loved to devote every hour, giving up for the enjoyment of their society, all the ordinary sports and engagements of childhood.

The warmth of this home attachment was rewarded as it deserved, by a change in the mode of his education. At the age of twelve years, when after a vacation of several weeks, his parents were about returning him to a distinguished academy in the country, it was observed that Edmund became unusually pensive and silent. When an explanation was asked, he entreated his father, with tears in his eyes, that he might be permitted to remain in the city, assuring him that he would be a dutiful child and a devoted scholar. It was not in the heart of parents to resist such an appeal ; and well did he afterward "redeem," to use the words of his father, "the assurance he then gave them." At the school of Mr. David Graham, to which he was then sent, he was placed under a teacher well fitted both to appreciate and call forth

his early powers ; and nine little volumes of essays, which still remain, in his schoolboy hand, evince not only the diligence and talent of the child, but likewise the skill and fidelity of the teacher. The neat and orderly arrangement of these early manuscripts is also worthy of remark, and displays a trait peculiarly characteristic of their author. Whatever he did through life, was done with care, arranged with taste, and disposed in order. This distinguished alike his books, his papers, his academic exercises, and his personal appearance ; in which latter particular there was always evident, even from early youth, a punctilious regard to neatness—a virtue, if it may be so called, which seems to have some close inward connexion with the tendencies of a pure and well-ordered mind. With Mr. Graham he continued for two years, taking the lead among his companions, and receiving from his preceptor every mark of esteem and affection.

As the first workings of a tender and thoughtful mind, these juvenile compositions are not devoid of interest to any, but they have a nearer claim upon those who remember their author in his more matured ripeness. Their merit as schoolboy exercises seems to have been warmly acknowledged. They all bear the endorsement in, the master's hand, of "*Optime,*" "*Præclare,*" "*Honos,*" &c. But they bear also, it may be said, a higher impress—they exhibit the model of a virtuous youth ; of a mind regulated even at that early age, to the performance of duty upon moral and religious principles. This, as it is a lesson above all that mere intellect can ever teach—so is it also one

peculiarly beautiful and interesting, and conveying to every heart admonition or encouragement, with a power exactly proportioned to the tender weakness of him who gives it. "A boy ought to reflect," says this youthful monitor, "that the honor of his future career depends upon how he passes the day-spring of life." Such appears to have been his abiding reflection, and he reaped the reward; for though his career was short, it was full of honor. To him "Wisdom was the grey hair, and an unspotted life was old age." Ambition of excellence he felt strongly in common with many of his age; but with him it seemed to spring less from a love of superiority, than from a certain honorable pride of feeling, as if indolence were a degradation of his nature. Thus in one of these essays, after urging upon a supposed negligent youth all the ordinary motives to exertion, he adds, "finally teach him that he is a man, the noblest work of God." In another on pity, he thus warmly expresses himself—"Pity is a noble, a generous passion: it ought to be the first word murmured on the lips of an infant, the first thought implanted in his youthful mind. In this man can resemble his Creator." Independence of sentiment and largeness of reading, remarkable in a boy of his age, are evident in all these productions. In one, on the subject of death, written when little more than twelve years old, after a quotation from Lord Bacon on the subject, he undertakes, with amusing simplicity, to overthrow that wise man's conclusions. "I must confess," he observes, "I do not agree, in my sentiments concerning death, with this

‘wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.’ I do not consider death so slight a thing as to be overcome in most men’s minds, either by love, fear, revenge, or grief, although honor may aspire to it. Bacon judged from his own mind, I judge from mine, and therefore hope,” &c. But the great subject of his youthful admiration was the Bible. “It is the standard,” says he, “of truth, the pattern of virtue, the word of God himself.” “The Bible,” he adds, in an essay on Bible societies, “is not only the best, but the greatest and most sublime work of man.” “Here we see examples of meekness, forbearance, and fortitude, unrivalled and unexampled in profane history. Here we read all the labors of the cross, and the triumphs of Christianity. Here we may learn that the maxims of Confucius are empty and vague: that the promises of Mahomet are false, and his Koran is but a lie.”

On the subject of zeal, he writes thus:—“Religious zeal, when not carried to excess, is the fairest, loveliest, and most heavenly of virtues. Led on by this, the holy Apostles published abroad the name and doctrine of their Redeemer, and sacrificed their lives for the glory of their God. Aided by this, Luther persevered in his undertaking, and when brought before the assembled diet of the Emperor, with the Pope’s legate directly before his eye, ready to confront him with a curse, we hear the hardy and intrepid reformer exclaiming, “Here I stand—I cannot act otherwise, so help me God.”

But zeal requires knowledge; of the reverse, ~~he~~

observes:—"It was this fiendlike zeal that apprehended the holy JESUS, that carried him into the council chamber, that smote him, spit upon his face, and placed a crown of thorns upon his head. This it was that attended him at his dying hour, drove the spear into his side, and nailed him to the cross of Calvary."

On other occasions, the happiness of a country life is his theme. "In the country," says he, "where there are congenial hearts, and where every tie of affection and relationship combine to make man as happy as he can be in this vale of tears—there I say, hospitality resides; there, where nothing is heard but the song of the laborer at work, the echo of the woodman's axe in the forest, the tinkling of the wether's bell, and the melodious chirping of the birds. The farmer will not see the traveller passing by without inviting him to partake of his rural meal, nor will he dismiss the beggar from his door empty handed. The farmer's life is the most favorable to religion. Abraham, the father of the faithful, was nothing but a farmer. The sun, in his annual revolution, never shines on a more glorious spectacle than that of a farmer surrounded by his family, pouring out their souls in morning and evening prayer, to the Ruler of the universe."

In his thirteenth year Edmund was promised a visit to Wyoming, the place of his birth. It was the reward of his labors at school, and gave new zest to the approaching vacation. He went accordingly, accompanied by his parents, and kept a journal of his tour. The original has been preserved, and were the

writer of this memoir to consult only his own taste, he would give it entire, so great interest did he take in its perusal. The following extracts are however perhaps as much as less partial readers will bear. As he approached the wild romantic scenes of his infancy, a burst of enthusiasm comes over him :—" O nature ! sweetest nurse, both of the human mind and body, how beautiful dost thou appear ! thy wide-spreading fields, thy shelving declivities and hills, thy awful mountains and precipices, either fill the mind with gratitude or with awe. Even the usurper Richard felt thy balmy influence ; else whence these words :

'I'll forth, and walk a while:
The air 's refreshing, and the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay
Gives it a sweet and wholesome odor.'"

To the traveller, as he approaches from the east, the Valley of Wyoming opens suddenly and with great beauty, from the brow of an eminence familiarly known as " Prospect Rock." Our young tourist thus describes it :—" When we had ascended the second mountain, we went a short distance from the road upon a ledge of rocks—and what was it first struck my sight ? Was it a darkly frowning wilderness beneath me ? Did a rushing, foaming cataract pour its streams along ? No ; a scene more lovely than imagination ever painted, presented itself to my sight—so beautiful, so exquisitely beautiful, that even the magic verse of Campbell did not do it justice. The valley extends far and wide, beautified with cultivated fields, and interspersed with beautiful groves. The Susquehan-

nah meanders through it, now disappearing and losing itself among the trees, now again appearing to sight, till it is at last entirely hidden among the mountains.

I saw the Susquehannah roll its waves along, and scarcely knew that nearer to me flowed a slow and silent stream. How true are those words of Aken-side, which say—

‘Who that from a mountain height surveys
The Nile or Ganges roll his wasteful tide
Through mountains, rocks and deserts, black with shade,
And continents of sand, would turn his gaze,
And mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet?’”

The warm reception he met with from his relatives in the Valley, and the varied amusements of his short but happy visit, are too minute to be extracted; but they are told with so much truth and feeling as to give to his journal an attractiveness which does not always belong to the narratives of older travellers. Among other scenes of interest, he sought out the fatal battle-field, and was very indignant at the errors into which the historians of his country had fallen with regard to it. “Mr. Marshall,” says he, “in his Life of Washington, states the affair almost entirely wrong. He, to be sure, has the authority of history on his side, but the reports of eye-witnesses ought to be more regarded than the reports of fame. Marshall says, that the Indians being about to ravage the Valley of Wyoming, and a flag of truce being displayed by them, Col. Zebulon Butler, commander of the forces in Wyoming, was by this pretence decoyed into an

ambuscade, accompanied by a small detachment of soldiers, and that they were put to rout by a soldier, who called out that the Colonel had ordered a retreat, when he had done no such thing. But this is the truth:—The Indians were about to destroy Wyoming; the male inhabitants were determined to protect their wives, their children, and their property, and were anxious to go out and meet the enemy at the very time they heard of their coming. Col. Butler endeavored to restrain them but for a single day, in which he might find out the number of the enemy and their local advantages, but in vain. Although he saw that they were bent upon their own destruction, his honor would not suffer him to desert them. He accordingly went with them, led them against the enemy, was surprised in ambush, fought bravely at their head, and when they were about to be routed, rode among the ranks, exposed himself to the whole fire of the enemy in order to set them a good example—but all would not do. A sort of freezing horror had seized upon the men on seeing the savage with his uplifted tomahawk break forth from the bushes, when they heard his horrid war-whoop, and beheld their friends falling fast around them from the fire of a concealed foe. Dreadful was the rout—yet more dreadful was the carnage. Out of about three hundred men but four escaped, and one of these four was Col. Butler, who exposed himself to so many dangers, and who, nevertheless, had not even been wounded. Marshall says that John Butler, the commander of the Indians, was the brother of Col. Zebulon Butler. But this is

false. My blood boils in my veins, when I know that a stranger, a man not at all acquainted with Wyoming or its inhabitants, should presume to call so cruel a traitor as John Butler the brother of my grandfather, for there was not even the most distant relationship between them."* The grave of this vilified hero of the Valley naturally attracted the steps of his indignant grandson. "On the Sunday preceding our departure we visited the grave of grandpapa." He found it embellished with the uncouth but pious rhymes of some poet of the wilderness. It ran thus :

"In memory of Col. Zebulon Butler, who departed this life the 28th July, 1795, in the 64th year of his age."

"Distinguish'd by his usefulness
At home and when abroad;
In court, in camp, and in recess,
Protected still by God."

* Quoting from memory, Edmund's indignation magnifies the offence. Marshall says they were cousins, not brothers, (Life of Washington, vol. iii. p. 506.) It is but justice, however, to the young critic, to add, that his censure of Mr. Marshall is just : there was in truth no relationship between them, nor was there the slightest reason to suspect, as Marshall implies, either the courage or fidelity of the American leader. He was, on the contrary, a highly meritorious officer ; one who had already faithfully served his country in the old French war ; and in that of the Revolution was distinguished, both before and after this event, by marks of confidence from Washington himself. In the battle of Wyoming, into which he was forced by the undisciplined impetuosity of his troops, he appears to have done all that skill or valor could effect in a contest where the number of the enemy quadrupled his own. Of these facts Marshall has since been made aware, and in a communication to the inhabitants of the Valley, has promised that in a future edition full justice shall be done to the memory of one whom they all loved as their friend, and respected as their brave though unfortunate defender.

On the Sunday above alluded to, an incident occurred long remembered with interest by those present. It happened that the solitary pastor of the valley was on that day absent on some neighboring mission. The church consequently was not opened, but the congregation assembling in the large room of the academy, *extempore* prayers (it being a Presbyterian congregation) were offered up by some of the elders. After this a discourse was to be read. A volume of sermons with that view was handed to Edmund's father, either out of compliment, or as being more conversant with public speaking than any present. The father not being very well, transferred the book to his son: Edmund's modesty for a moment shrunk from it—but the slightest wish of his father was ever a law with him; so he arose and addressed himself to his unexpected task, with no greater hesitation than became the occasion. The sermon selected proved to be an impressive one. The reader was less than thirteen years of age; in the language of affection, of "angelic beauty;" and many of those present saw him now for the first time since, but a few years before, they had caressed him an infant on the knee. His talents as a reader, by nature superior, were heightened by the excitement of the occasion; and the effect upon a numerous audience, to use the language of one who heard it, was "indescribable and overpowering." They remembered the words of the Psalmist, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength," and their hearts yielded to the lips of a child, an obedience which age and wisdom could not

have commanded. This incident, never forgotten by the inhabitants of his native valley, was afterward recalled to their minds with deep interest, when after eleven years, he again addressed them as an authorized preacher of the Gospel ; this was his only subsequent visit, and but two years before his death. An Episcopal church had in the meantime been erected in the valley, where the ordinances of religion were regularly administered, and where Edmund was listened to with affectionate admiration. The praises then bestowed upon him, however well merited, owed, no doubt, somewhat of their fervor, to the touching recollections of his earlier visit.

After two weeks of such enjoyment as boyhood only knows, it is pleasing to see when the hour of parting came, how conscientiously in his youthful mind the sense of duty contended against the loss of present pleasure. Nor let the *man* smile at the contests of the *child*. In this respect we are all but children of a larger growth, and life tries us with few contrasts more depressing at the moment, than the exchange to an active healthful boy, of the unchecked amusements of a wild and varied country, for the labor and dull routine of a city school. The reader who like the writer has felt such change, and remembers the prison-like sinking of heart, which attended the removal to the dull smoky town, will know how both to pity and applaud the boy who writes thus in his private journal.

“ In taking leave of such a place as Wyoming, and at the same time of such numerous and dear relations,

necessarily occasioned me a great deal of sorrow. This sorrow might in a great measure have been overcome by reflection, for was I not returning from the scenes of amusement to those of education? Did not business urgently demand my father's presence in New-York, and ought not the claims of business be superior to those of enjoyment? But at the period of taking leave I either could not or would not reflect, and was therefore sorrowful for a while; but when I began to reflect, that sorrow was changed into a pleasant feeling, proceeding from the recollection of scenes past which will never return. Farewell, Wyoming, perhaps farewell for ever; thou that art beautiful enough to be called the elysium of the ancients, or the promised paradise of Mahomet. Thy groves might be the recesses of departed sages; thy forests those of the forgotten druids of antiquity; thy cultivated fields the product of the amusement of those who during life loved rural scenes and employments; thy open areas, the places where the shades of youths exercised themselves in warlike sports; thy Susquehannah, the bathing place of nymphs and naiads; and thy houses, the dwellings of those who had formerly been *discreet housewives*."

Edmund once again visited his native valley; but the first impression left upon his mind seems never to have been effaced. After his return to school, the images were still so fresh in his thoughts, that we find them forming the subject of one of his first academic themes, "On Vacations in School." It is here given as taken from the original copy, in the neat formal

handwriting of a child not thirteen years old, bearing date September 3, 1817.

“A vacation is to the mind what sleep is to the body of man. When by a long and continued application to business, the mental faculties have been somewhat wearied, what can be more refreshing than to retire for a while from the affairs of the gay world, and hold sweet communion with nature? Instead of wondering at the sublimity of Homer, we will then be reflecting on the awful grandeur of a mountain; instead of admiring the beautiful plan of a Virgil’s *Aeneid*, we will be looking around us, and surveying a still more beautiful, more magnificent, and more wonderful plan. This plan is none other than the heavens and the earth, the work of God’s own power. Then we may ascend those mountains at which before we had wondered, and either look up at the heavens or down on the earth, and still be filled with surprise. Looking at the heavens, we may contemplate their formations and their wonders; looking at the earth, we may admire its beauty and its loveliness. To a person living in the city, a vacation is peculiarly gratifying. The truth of this sentiment I experienced myself during the past month. On Monday, August 4th, we departed from New-York. Our place of destination was Wyoming, where, as Campbell says, “Once dwelt Gertrude.” From the mountains and the hills over which we passed we had many beautiful and some extensive prospects. For about eighty miles the heart was gladdened by the views of peace, plenty, and fertility; for fifty more there was nothing but a

wild and barren country, here and there broken in upon by a small hamlet, and sometimes only by a solitary house. The forests were marked by the desolating ravages of the hunter, who wishing to provide for himself a supply of venison, fires the woods and drives the deer from their last and only refuge.

“From the top of Schooley’s Mountain, we looked down upon cultivated fields and gardens—from the top of Pockanoe we beheld the mountain oak, the pine, and the ash, growing up from beneath us. From that mountain, which helps to form the valley of Wyoming, we had a view which would delight the most misanthropic of men. For many miles we had been travelling through the dreary desert, till all at once Wyoming burst like magic on our sight. It seemed not, to use the words of Ossian, “like a star upon a rainy hill by night, looking faintly through the mist,” but like the bright lustre of the orb of day. A valley extending to great distance on either side presented itself to our view, beautified by hills, dales, woods, and villages. The Susquehannah rolls her magic wave through the midst, now appearing to open sight, now disappearing under the shade of the surrounding trees, as if to guard herself against the radiance of the noon-day sun. In the meanderings of this stream consists one of the greatest beauties of the valley. On one side you see the gap by which it enters the valley, on the other you can perceive a similar one, by which it goes out. If a superstitious Mahometan should behold this place, he would immediately declare it was the promised paradise. If a Grecian or Roman should

see it, he would wish to be buried near it, that his journey might not be long when travelling to Elysium.

"We were welcomed there by friends and relations whom we had not for a long time seen. Was not this a pleasure, to be thus welcomed in the only spot in America, where Campbell had deigned to place his heroine? Col. Zebulon Butler, the commander of the little band of Americans, who on that spot withstood for a while the joint attacks of the British and Indians, was my grandfather. Ought not then the scenes of Wyoming to be peculiarly interesting to me, when there my ancestors fought and bled, and failed to conquer only on account of the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. The ravages of war spared his life at that time, but the ravages of disease did not spare it afterward. He now lies in the village church-yard, and the silent passenger going along, drops a tear of sensibility, and heaves a sigh to his memory. Peace be to the ashes of the defenders of their country! Thus I spent my vacation, and returned without any disinclination to study or loathing of the confinement of a school."

Of the turn of mind evinced in the closing sentence, as bringing a sense of duty to bear up against disappointment, another little instance appears in the journal. The first day after his arrival at Wyoming, he says, "We drank our tea, went to bed, slept well, awoke in the morning, and saw that the weather was rainy; this frustrated all our plans for play, and compelled us to *read*, from which we derived more solid advantage."

Such were the weekly exercises of a school, evidently well calculated to draw forth talent. The one of the following week, dated September 10th, is of a more martial character, inspired likewise, it is probable, by the associations of Wyoming and his brave grandfather. It is headed, On the Greatness of Rome, and concludes in these words:—"Let Americans remember the patriotism and magnanimity of the Romans; let them remember that patriotism is as necessary now as then; let them imitate the conduct of the early Romans, and their government will never know a fall."

The vacation of the following year was made happy by a similar though shorter tour, to the falls of the Passaic. Of this also the original journal is preserved. It is marked by equal tenderness and justness of feeling as the former, though we miss somewhat of that unstudied simplicity of expression, which constitutes the chief interest in boyish composition. But his love of nature is unfeigned, and through it runs a constant association of its beauties with the power and goodness of God. Thus in describing a scene of great beauty. "How divine," says he, "are our sensations! We look up with gratitude to the Creator of all things, and not only *know* but *feel* that he is a Father." "When we see the works of art, we feel no such emotion, we admire the ingenuity of the painter or statuary, and think of them no more." "O nature," says he, in another place, "how much more art thou to be admired than art, thy sister!"

In wandering about the falls he encountered a

melancholy stranger, playing on his native bag-pipes ; an instrument which Edmund had read of, but probably never before either seen or heard. "I thought," says he, "of the Highlands of Scotland. I saw in imagination's eye, a Wallace, or a Bruce, leading Scotia's chiefs upon some daring enterprise. I saw the chieftains of other times, the turf-raised monument, the four gray stones that rested on the body of heroes ; methought I heard the deserted, blind, and mournful Ossian, lamenting for his child. 'Why openest thou afresh the spring of my grief, son of Alpin, inquiring how Oscar fell. He fell as the moon in a storm, as the sun from the midst of his course, when clouds rise from the waste of the waves, when the blackness of the storm enwraps Ardannider ; I, like an ancient oak in Morven, I moulder alone in my place ; the blast hath lopped away my branches, and I tremble at the wings of the north ; Oscar, my son ! shall I never see thee more ?' "No, never," answers this young enthusiast, "Ossian, bard of other times—

Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 He is gone—and for ever."

Returning with the setting sun, he thus draws the picture. "We saw the sun setting in his beauty ; the fields of grain look more lovely under his influence, and the river reflects his yellow beams in its clear lucid channel ; the village spire shines like gold, the tinkling of the cow-bell is heard, as the village boy is

driving her from the lot ; the milk-maid with her pail, the old people sitting at the door enjoying the cool air, the children sporting on the green, the farmer returning with his plough, happier than the king in his palace, are seen. Afterward came gray sober twilight," &c.

On his return home, he found that through his absence from the city he had missed witnessing a splendid military pageant of the removal of the remains of Gen. Montgomery, one of the heroes of the Revolution ; but he consoles himself with this entry in his journal :—“ Peace be with the ashes of the brave !—I felt a pleasure more exquisite in viewing the beauties of nature.”

When Edmund was fourteen years old, Mr. Graham's school was discontinued. This gentleman's recollections of his pupil correspond with the picture already given. “ Of this amiable and excellent boy,” says he, “ I had occasion early to mark the rapid improvement. Honor and the love of distinction formed the sole governing principle of those under my care. These were addressed with great effect to the generous mind of young Griffin, and at once called every power of his highly-gifted mind into play. His ambition was co-extensive with the whole course of study —it embraced every thing, and in every thing urged him on to excel. Beyond any pupil I ever knew, he best answered the fastidious description of the Roman critic :—‘ Puer mihi ille detur quem laus excitat, quem gloria juvat, qui victus fleat.’ In him the love of learning was a passion admitting of no relaxation.”

Of his school themes he observes:—"At first I had doubts whether they were written by himself. But these doubts soon vanished. Every succeeding composition embodying the rich classical allusions of the daily recitation, and expressed with the fervor which when animated he gave to the translations of his author, stamped the productions as his own."

Flattering as is this encomium to the memory of him who was its subject, and creditable as it may be to the talents of the teacher, who made him worthy of it, it nevertheless opens to view a great and growing evil in our system of school education. "Honor, and the love of distinction," form too much in them, "the sole governing principle." It would be far better if teachers appealed to higher and more enduring motives. *Duty* is the true name of *honor*, and *self-approbation* would be a nobler reward than any *distinctions* arising from the conquest of a rival: even in a worldly point of view, this would be preferable, for although the former motives may goad on a sensitive boy to greater exertions for the moment, like a spirited steed under the spur, yet we must remember that exhaustion is the consequence—that education is a long race, or rather but the training for one still longer, and on that course the prize, humanly speaking, is not to the swift, but to the enduring; now it is easily seen that of these classes of motives, while the former are extraneous, and accidental, thus making him who is guided by them, a slave to worldly opinion, the latter are deep, internal and enduring, and thus tend to make a man

master of himself, and consequently of his own fortune.

And if this be so in regard of the worldly objects which education aims at, how incontestable the superiority in reference to its moral and religious uses. If a sense of duty is to govern the *man*, let us train up the *child* in the way he should go, and accustom him betimes to listen to that inward monitor: if the *man* be counted ignoble with whom external applause is the ruling motive, so let it be with the *child*, and if destined to become a Christian, with an aim and motive above the world, let it be taught him in his youth, that it may "grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength." They who have tried the experiment, know that it is practicable, and that children, from their tenderest years, may be successfully led on to every honorable exertion without appealing to any other motives than those which should influence the man and the Christian.

Mr. Griffin deeming his son at this time too young to enter college, however well fitted by his attainments, placed him for a year at a school then just rising into great celebrity. This was kept by Mr. Nelson, distinguished at that time in the city of New-York, as the Blind Teacher, and afterward more widely known as the learned classical professor in Rutgers College, New-Jersey. The mention of this name recalls to the writer, who was his college class-mate, the merits of a singular man; and as death has now turned his *success* and his misfortune into an instructive lesson, it may be permitted to dwell

for a moment upon his eventful story. The life of Mr. Nelson was a striking exemplification of that power of resolution which conquers fortune. Total blindness, after a long, gradual advance, came upon him about his twentieth year, when terminating his college course. It found him poor, it left him penniless and to all appearance wretched, with two sisters to maintain, without money, without friends, without a profession, and without sight. Under such an accumulation of griefs most minds would have sunk, but with him it was otherwise. At all times proud and resolute, his spirit rose at once into what might well be termed a *fierceness* of independence. He resolved within his own breast to be indebted for support to no hand but his own. That classical education, which, from his feeble vision, had been necessarily imperfect, he now determined to complete, and immediately entered upon this apparently hopeless task, with a view to fit himself as a teacher of youth. He instructed his sisters in the pronunciation of Greek and Latin, and employed one or other constantly in the task of reading aloud to him the classics usually taught in the schools. A naturally faithful memory, spurred on by such strong excitement, performed its oft-repeated miracles; and in a space of time incredibly short, he became master of their contents, even to the minutest points of critical reading: In illustration of this, the author remembers on one occasion, that a dispute having arisen between Mr. N. and the Classical Professor of the College, as to the construction of a passage in Virgil, from which his students were

reciting, the Professor appealed to the circumstance of a comma in the sentence as conclusive of the question. "True," said Mr. N., coloring with strong emotion; "but permit me to observe," turning his sightless eyeballs toward the book he held in his hand, "that in my *Heyne* edition it is a colon, and not a comma." At this period a gentleman, who incidentally became acquainted with his history, with a feeling somewhere between pity and confidence, placed his two sons under his charge, in order to enable him to try the experiment. A few months' trial was sufficient to satisfy at least his own mind; he then fearlessly appeared before the public, and at once challenged comparison with the best established classical schools of the city. The novelty and boldness of the attempt attracted general attention; the lofty confidence he displayed in himself excited respect; and soon his untiring assiduity, his real knowledge, and that devotion, which, knowing no bounds in its own self-sacrifices, awakened somewhat of a corresponding spirit in the minds of his scholars, completed the conquest. His reputation spread daily, scholars flocked to him in crowds, competition sunk before him, and in the course of a very few years he found himself in the enjoyment of an income superior to that of any college patronage in the United States—with to him the infinitely higher gratification of having risen above the pity of the world, and fought his own blind way to honorable independence. Nor was this all; he had succeeded in placing classical education on higher ground than

any of his predecessors or contemporaries had done: a fact that may be mentioned to his honor without any imputation on their diligence; for to him his occupation was every thing,—it was his meat and drink—his study and his relaxation; under any circumstances he would have been an energetic character, but shut out as he was from the ordinary pursuits of life, his energies all turned inward, and meeting in one focal point, burned with a zeal which defied all ordinary competition, and in the minds of his scholars, lighted up every spark of generous ambition. His success to him was happiness; and his proud spirit rejoiced to think that he was in some measure a benefactor to that very college which a few years before he had entered in poverty and quitted in blindness, and which had conferred its honors upon him more in pity than in respect.

It was at this school and about this period, that young Griffin first became known to his biographer: he saw him then a lovely boy, full of sensibility and generous ardor, bearing with blushing modesty the honors heaped upon him, in a race of competition, where he rarely or never failed to come off victor; and such, he may say, he continued through the remainder of his short life. Of him it may be justly said in the simple but expressive language of Wordsworth—"The boy is father of the man." As in childhood Edmund anticipated the virtuous resolution of manhood, so in youth and manhood he seemed never to lose the innocent and bashful virtues of the boy. So far as the author's inquiries have gone, and they

have in this respect been neither few nor general, no teacher of his remembers a fault committed by him, no instructor an exercise neglected, no companion an unkind act, an angry sentiment, or an immodest word. In the school to which he was now removed, the first or highest class to which he was attached, contained several boys of genius and ambition not less than his own, his equals or superiors in age, and inferior to him perhaps in nothing but that unwavering, untired performance of duty, which as it left nothing within the compass of his time and abilities unattempted, so it left few things imperfect or undone. Such, however, were not willing to yield the laurel to a new comer, without a struggle. In the course of a few months, however, it was unanimously assigned to him, and what was still more to his credit, worn by him without envy. About this time, some Latin verses written as academic exercises, acquired for him the reputation of a superior scholar. To schoolboys of the old world such classical labors are familiar, and at the present day comparatively so with our own ; but at the time these were written they were rare, and in justice to their youthful author, should be judged of by the standard of scholarship that then prevailed. His English poetic versions are more numerous, and at least equally creditable to him. A short notice of them, while due to their intrinsic merit, considered as the productions of a poet of fourteen, will serve likewise to display by the anecdotes connected with them, the toils and the triumphs

of a true schoolboy's life. During a short holiday, Edmund had translated or rather paraphrased a part of the ninth book of the *Aeneid*, beginning with the indignant speech of Mnestheus.

"Quo traditis, inquit," &c.

"Cowards! do you not blush as well as mourn," &c.

This had been presented and approved, but there being a tie between him and his most prominent school rival for the honor of the day; the teacher directed that the contest should be decided by a metrical translation of twenty-four lines, from Dido's address to *Aeneas*; to be presented at the opening of the school next morning. Edmund came home in trouble. He knew it was a peremptory rule that he should quit his studies and retire to bed at nine o'clock. To get his ordinary lessons for the next day, and be prepared for this new struggle before that hour, he felt to be impossible. He earnestly besought his father, therefore, that for once he might be permitted to transgress the prescribed limit. The request was granted, and at half-past ten he entered the library, holding his translation in his hand; he gave it to his father, and with breathless anxiety watched his countenance as he read it: and never, added the narrator of this incident, will those present forget the tear of exultation that gladdened the eye of the boy, when he saw the approving smile on his father's countenance. A less partial judge the next morning confirmed that favorable decision; his translation gained

him the victory. A few lines from each is here given. The celebrated simile in the first, beginning, line 792,

"Ceu sœvum turba leonem," &c.

he thus renders,

As when a band of hunters, bold of heart,
A furious lion with the galling dart
Beset—startled, enraged, the monster scorns to go,
Turns not his back, looks grimly on his foe—
Seeks but a chance to take away the life
Of some bold leader in the mortal strife—
But still by force and arms compell'd to yield
His hope of vengeance, slowly quits the field;
Thus Turnus goes, &c.

The hasty prize translation is from the fourth book of the *Æneid*, line 362, and thus begins :

Æneas spoke, she proudly eyes the while
His godlike person with disdainful smile;
Then thus, inflamed by passion's angry sway :
'Thou art not goddess-born, as mortals say,
They never nourish'd such a wretch as thou;
The horrid Caucasus with flinty brow
Hath brought thee forth—a Parthian tigress prest
Thee, yet an infant, to her savage breast,' &c.

On one occasion the writer recalls to mind his being present at a public examination of the school in which Edmund, having carried off the prize from all competitors, was summoned by his teacher to read aloud one of his poetic translations. The subject chosen was the war of the gods, from the first book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. The youthful poet, thus summoned, came forward, and with pallid look and tremulous accent began; but the embarrassment soon

passed, as his own feelings became excited, when his boyish features glowed with animation, and his voice became free and impressive. In the interest of the scene, the defects of the poetry were forgotten, and the poem was received with the most enthusiastic applause, not only by those who as auditors were present but to approve youthful merit, but also by his companions and competitors, with whom, as observed afterward by one of his teachers, "his honorable conduct and modest demeanor, it was always found, quenched any feelings of jealousy and envy." The gratified father was among the auditors, and his cheek was wet with such tears as parents love to shed. The two who sat beside him seemed to share in a father's pride on the occasion. One was the late Dr. Bard, then President of the Medical College of New-York, to the author a dear and venerated name—"magnum et venerabile nomen"—a man sensitively alive to every generous and tender impulse, and who on this occasion threw his whole heart as it were (as those who knew him may well remember was his wont, when his feelings were touched) into the congratulations he offered Mr. G. on the blessing of such a son. The other individual was the late Dr. Harris, then President of the college to which young Griffin was soon about to be removed, a man equalled by few in his nice tact of youthful character, and surpassed by none in his warm-hearted estimate of all that he found pure and excellent in it. His address to Edmund on this occasion broke out with, "Macte virtute puer."

In the autumn of this same year, (1819,) when just fifteen years old, Edmund appeared among the candidates for admission into Columbia College. The examination for entrance into this college, was at that time more than usually long and rigid, continued for several successive days, and terminating in a public arrangement of their names in the order of merit. Such a contest, between scholars brought together for the first time, and proud of the reputation of their respective schools, was to all a scene of interest ; and to sensitive young minds, when thus thrown into the arena, seemed to realize the fables of the classic games of ancient Greece. Some such minds there were among the candidates who now appeared—these were, besides, unusually numerous and well prepared, and the excitement among them proportionally great. Other causes contributed. The older schools were not willing to yield their pre-eminence to a blind competitor. Their choice scholars were therefore studiously drilled for the occasion ; and most of the teachers, and many anxious fathers, were in constant attendance during the examination to encourage their sons or pupils by their presence, or perhaps to become judges of the impartiality of the decision. Among these, Mr. Nelson might always be distinguished ; the first to come, the last to go ; the most anxious, and yet the most confident ; his blind steps, as he entered the hall, being followed, rather than directed, by the youth who attended him, so singularly resolute was he in all his motions. The result of this new contest was to Edmund what his former ones had been ; his

name was found first in the list, a station which he never lost during his connexion with the college. Edmund's feelings of emulation were on this occasion highly excited. His own reputation, and that of his teacher, were both at stake ; and his anxiety made his fears overbalance his hopes. In a subsequent letter to a friend, he says, " I trembled daily and hourly during the long examination, and repeatedly gave up every thing for lost. When the names were finally read out in the order in which we were placed, I was most unfeignedly astonished to find myself first." The justice of the decision was however unquestioned, though the chagrin of one of the rival candidates vented itself, at the moment, in a manner more creditable to his scholarship than his philosophy. He wrote with his pencil the following distich, and passed it along to the victor :

"Vicisti Griffin ; parva at tua gloria nam quod
Anni quinque tibi, *menses* mihi quinque dedérunt;"

to which the former immediately replied with the usual courtesy of Latin disputants—

Æmule ! cur senior, fallaces ad fugis artes ?
Menses tu simulas, annos tamen insere victus.

The boast of the vanquished was not, however, altogether false : the author of the lines was a highly-talented Italian youth, of riper age than Edmund, and who, by the aid of a learned father, had prepared himself for the examination in an incredibly short period of time. He was the son of Lorenzo Da Ponte, at that time teacher, but now Professor of Italian in Colum-

bia College, and inherited much of that poetic fervor, which even now gives youth to the father in his eighty-third year, and which half a century ago recommended him to the Austrian monarch as a fit successor to the laurel of Metastasio.* What success might have attended the future efforts of this formidable rival, when *months* of diligence had been changed to *years*, it is impossible to say. Death withdrew him from the course before the race was well begun. Two other high-minded competitors,† after a two years' struggle, voluntarily withdrew their pretensions ; and through the remainder of his college life, Edmund's claims to general pre-eminence remained undisputed. While we call this victory honorable, we cannot deny that it was painful, and dearly purchased by the mortified feelings and injured prospects of others ; so much so, that it may well awaken the doubt, and its importance is the apology for its repetition, whether such highly-excited emulation in the education of youth, be not productive of more evil than good. How often do we see the bold heart wearing out the feeble body in the contest ? and when that contest is over, though some generous spirits may rise above the disappointment, yet how often do we see it turning into gall and bitterness, and weighing down the heart with the double load of sorrow and of envy ? In the name of nature,

* Lorenzo Da Ponte, then in his twenty-third year, was made "Poeta Cesareo" by Joseph II. in the year 1780, a few months after the death of Metastasio.

† One of them, the Rev. J. Young, is now President of Danville College, Kentucky.

then, and of humanity, in the name of reason and of religion; let us not add this curse to the necessary discipline of youth; let us not dash with needless sorrow the joyous days of boyhood, nor teach an innocent heart to pine with envy at another's talent or success. Nor is the moral injury of such emulation greater than its intellectual. When made the great engine of education, as in our country it is, it weakens the mind by premature exertion, cultivates the memory at the expense of the judgment, and invariably tends to enfeeble the character by building it upon the sandy foundation of temporary excitement. Hence the anomalous fact we are so often called upon to lament and wonder at, viz. that the praised and honored youth turns out the feeble and nerveless man. The explanation is but too easy: he has become a machine that wants continual winding up; the *boy* lived so long upon the sweets of praise and honor, that the *man* can find no sufficient stimulus in the quiet motives of duty and conscience; trained to action by stimulants which have no place in the sober duties of life, the factitious nursling of education, when left to himself, pines into feebleness and inaction. Like the boy taught to swim on bladders, in a quiet bath, he goes smoothly on, so long as he is buoyed up by praise; but when called upon to act unnoticed and alone, to walk unmoved through good report and evil report, he feels as the same artificial swimmer would do, without his aids, in the rough and stormy ocean.

Edmund's habits of study at this period might be

recommended as a model to the student, on the score both of health and industry. They were early formed, and partly from love of order, still more from a sense of duty, were perseveringly maintained through the whole course of his education. His practice was to rise so early as to study between two and three hours before breakfast, which meal was at eight o'clock in winter, and seven in summer. His morning studies were, therefore, during one half of the year, commenced by candle-light. From breakfast until three, P. M., the hour of dinner, he was employed at his books; either at home, school, or college. After dinner, he gave up to exercise and recreation until twilight; when he resumed his studies, and continued them until bedtime. While a schoolboy, this arrived at the primitive hour of nine o'clock; and not later than ten, while a collegian: thus securing for sleep some of those early hours, which in the opinion of physicians, are worth double the same amount after midnight, for the rest and invigoration of both body and mind. After quitting college, the demands of social intercourse broke in upon this regularity, and led him to trespass in his studies far upon the night: it was a change, however, which he both lamented and condemned, and had his life been spared would no doubt have returned to those fresh morning hours, which he always spoke of with delight, and which are so essential to the health of the student. Happy they who can receive this doctrine: with the young it is in their power, and let them choose wisely and in time; lest haply when old, they pay the penalty of

having needlessly divorced a life of study from one of healthy enjoyment. With Edmund, these regular habits strengthened a constitution naturally delicate, and enabled him to bear without injury a more than ordinary degree of mental exertion, and to execute an amount of intellectual labor almost incredible at his early years: having left behind him manuscripts to the amount of at least six octavo volumes. The secret of his health lay in early hours, and regular systematic exercise; and his example in this particular is the more valuable, because in our country it is more needed. In Europe, the sedentary habits of the student are attended with comparatively little danger, to what awaits them in our warmer climate, where they are found so often to render valueless all the advantages of education, and to present the painful picture of a young man unfitted for usefulness in his profession, by the very zeal with which he has pursued it. On this point, therefore, let the American student take warning, and waste not in the training that strength which is wanted for the course. Physical education is too much neglected in our seminaries, where health is so often made the price of knowledge. Manly exercises are too little cultivated among us, and the healthful and joyous sports of youth far too early and completely discarded, whether we look to the preservation of health, or the rational enjoyment of it, or the enduring labors of an active and useful life. The peculiar character of young Griffin contributed still further to this valuable end; he enjoyed that health which flows from equanimity.

His mind was singularly well balanced ; in that happy even poise which ever preserved its serenity ; hence, though earnest, he was not enthusiastic ; though diligent, he never overstrained his powers ; but preserved on all occasions, even of the highest excitement, a tranquil self-possession, and an even sweetness of manner, which, while to a stranger it savored of coldness ; to those who knew his warm heart, only added to their admiration of his abilities. This felicity of nature was early remarked of him by his teachers. "He did every thing," says Mr. Graham, "apparently without effort," and so far at least as it was called forth in academic competition, the author can speak from long personal observation, having often regarded with wonder his calm benevolent repose of features in the height of intellectual exertion ; which he remembers on one occasion to have drawn forth from one of his examiners, the warm-hearted exclamation, "He has the face of an angel."

From all the professors during his connexion with the college, Edmund received marks of high approbation and confidence ; but in the venerable president he excited a feeling more akin to the affection of a parent. This was strikingly exhibited on occasion of a severe attack of an epidemic bilious fever, which seized Edmund in the country during his last college vacation. His illness was of several weeks' continuance, and attended with very alarming symptoms. As soon as his slow convalescence would permit, he was removed to his father's house in New-York. Dr. Harris's solicitude had been greatly excited by

the reports of his illness, and his inquiries of the family personally repeated almost daily, so that among Edmund's first visitors after reaching his anxious home was his venerable and venerated friend. The meeting as described by his father, was a touching one. Edmund had risen trembling from his seat to receive him; when the good old man hastened toward him, extended his arms, and folded his emaciated form to his bosom; neither spoke for nearly a minute, but both wept, as those who had longed but despaired to meet again. The anecdote, however trifling, is honorable to the memory of both. For it is not the lot of all who rule so to temper firmness with kindness, as to excite such feelings in the breast of a pupil; and worthy must have been that pupil who could excite such feelings in the breast of such a man as Dr. Harris. And here it may be pardoned to one who knew him well and loved him much, to pay this passing tribute to the memory of a pure and kind-hearted man. By a busy and bustling world his worth was never rightly estimated, and his name perhaps may soon be forgotten; but it will long live in the recollection of those who shared in the peaceful tenor of his life, and whose estimate of his quiet benevolence, unoffending piety, and cheerful resignation tried beyond the ordinary lot, rises higher as acquaintance with mankind teaches them more and more the rareness and the value of such a character.

The academic reputation sustained by young Griffin was not only exemplary, but faultless: no duty neglected, and no rule transgressed; the habits of a

student, the acquirements of a scholar, and the deportment of a gentleman, left room for nothing but praise, and to this the college records of his time bear ample testimony. From the hour of his entrance into college he seems to have gone upon that noble and judicious rule, which, if students knew their own interest, they would adopt not only as the best, but also, as being in the end the rule of least labor; that is, he performed the whole of his prescribed duty to the best of his power; he omitted nothing, slighted nothing, delayed nothing; the result of which was, that all his duties soon became comparatively easy to him: as every study had its hour, and every hour its stated employment, the day was always free for its own labors; no neglect of yesterday burthened it with a duty not its own, or threw hurry and anxiety into his preparation or performance of a prescribed task. But a still greater blessing waited upon it. As industry was the surest road to ease, so it seems to have been also the best safeguard to innocence and virtue, and to have secured his moral character not only without blemish, but above suspicion. This indeed was to be expected from that generous industry, which belonged as much to the heart as to the head, and which, springing from high and pure motives, led naturally to the pursuit and practice of "whatever was pure, lovely, or of good report."

In the department of composition his exercises attracted more than ordinary attention. Several of his Latin and English poems were printed and circu-

lated at the request of the president, and at the expense of the college. His English prose compositions evince corresponding merit. As the evidences of a mind ripening into virtuous and manly thought, some casual extracts are here given. To the youthful reader, for whom alone they are intended, they may serve, if not as models of composition, at least as inspiring examples, that they who can equal them in merit may be led likewise to compete with their author in all nobleness of sentiment and virtue of conduct.

“Fugit hora—Time never rests; though the sun obeyed the mandate of Joshua and stood still, Time held on his course. If then such and so rapid be the flight of time, how ought it to be improved? In youth virtuous habits should be formed before vice becomes deeply rooted in the heart. The reformation of a bad habit should never be delayed till to-morrow. That morrow we may never see.

“Sub dulci melle venena latent—The love of pleasure is incompatible with every noble, every generous principle; it is at war with every other pursuit, whether of fame, of wealth, of power, or of real happiness. Alexander was once a just, noble and generous prince, the idol of his soldiery, the boast of Macedon, the glory of Greece. Endued with all the hardy virtues of the soldier, victory waited upon his standard. But this noble prince, in whose character were united the bravery of a warrior, the learning

of a scholar, and the humanity of a man, fell a victim to the love of pleasure. She converted his fortitude into effeminacy, his humanity into cruelty. She aimed the deadly dart that pierced the bosom of Clitus. She lighted the torch that reduced Persepolis to ashes. She administered the intoxicating draught that terminated his existence. Think again on the example of the elder Scipio—that noble Roman, flushed with victory and exulting in conquest, united with the qualities of the hero those of the sage. He overcame his tyrant passions and restored the captive beauty to the arms of her lover. “*Juvenis et cœlebs et victor.*” How noble the sacrifice! how glorious the victory! Alexander conquered a world, but became the slave of his own passions. Cesar overcame armies, but could not resist the influence of pleasure. Scipio saved Rome from destruction, but amidst all his conquests the noblest was his victory over himself.

“Evil habits when formed are almost always incurable. The descent indeed is easy, flowers seem to bloom beneath our feet and no impediment bars our way; but when we turn round and endeavor to retrace our steps, we perceive that thorns and briars have grown up insensibly behind us, and that the bulwarks of habit present an almost insuperable bar to our return to the regions of virtue.

“Our parents have nurtured us from our tenderest infancy, they have watched over us in the hour of danger, soothed our childish sorrows, and furthered our infantile enjoyments, and all the reward they demand for their pains and privations in our behalf, is

that we should do honor to the hand that reared us, and that our character should be that of virtuous sons of virtuous fathers."

"*On Eloquence.*—What then are the requisites of the perfect Orator? He must possess a sound and penetrating understanding, an understanding that can discover truth and detect error, that can baffle the wiles of sophistry, follow deceit through all its intricate windings, and when it has traced the monster to its last retreat, drag it forth to public view loaded with infamy and shame. He must possess a chaste yet brilliant imagination, one that will shed a light upon the suggestions of reason, relieve the tedium of intricate argumentation, and illustrate positions, the truth of which might otherwise be denied. He must be gifted with a warm and enthusiastic heart, a heart whose fervid feelings no stoical indifference pervades, whose disinterested motives no selfish principle perverts, whose honest joy or sorrow no hypocrisy conceals, but which is ever open to generous sympathy and ever glows with the warmest feelings of benevolence, a heart whose emotions are powerful enough to communicate the infection of its joy or grief, its contempt or indignation to those around, ensure their favor and engage their sympathies.

"Never was a great action performed, a great enterprise brought to a successful issue, never did a great man exist without enthusiasm. Without it genius is indolent, patriotism inactive, and virtue merely negative. Without enthusiasm the orator is but a dull narrator of facts, a tedious reasoner or an empty

claimer. What was it by which Cicero confounded the daring conspirator in the midst of his designs, and drove him from Rome ere it had felt his fury. Was it by the eloquence of his diction, the harmony of his periods, or even by the justness of his accusations? No, it was by the lightning of his eye and the thunder of his voice, the indignation depicted on his countenance and the enthusiasm which clothed his words with the authority of a sacred oracle, and invested his person with a divine ineffable majesty."

"*On Love of Country*.—'He that hath wife and children hath given pledges unto fortune.' What expression can be more fraught with meaning? With laconic brevity it expresses a sentiment, to elucidate which a volume might be written. The husband and father pledges the objects of his affection for his future conduct. He is no longer a solitary being whose actions, whether virtuous or vicious, produce no effect upon others. Every man, whatever be his condition, whether high or low, rich or poor, is bound to love his native land. There is that written within which tells us that next to our God we should love our country. We feel as if we were *ευρυχεις* of the land we inhabit. But when the ties that bind us to our country are entwined with those that unite us to the objects of our private affection, they form a bond so strong that nothing but death can dissolve it."

"'Homo sum humani nil a me alienum puto.' These words contain an eloquent appeal to our feelings as men. Are you a man? show it by perform-

ing the sacred offices of charity. This is the divinest of virtues—

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods ?
 Draw near them then by being merciful.
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

“At the time Terence wrote this, virtue existed rather in the imagination of the poet than in the bosoms of his contemporaries. In its exercise indeed consists one of the essential differences in the state of the world before and after the introduction of Christianity. If we listen to the records of ancient times, we shall hear much of the wisdom of their philosophers, of the eloquence of their orators, of the sublimity of their poets, of the devotedness of their patriots, and of the success of their conquerors; but on the subject of their philanthropists the voice of antiquity is silent. Among all the gorgeous temples, the splendid amphitheatres, the lofty palaces, there were no hospitals for the sick and the wounded, no receptacles for the famished children of misery, no asylum for the insane.”

“It was reserved for the Christian religion to break down the barriers between nation and nation, and to implant in the bosoms of its professors a love at once more extended in its exercise and more exalted in its nature. For though there never was more than one heart (that of our divine Redeemer) capacious enough to contain an equal love for every individual of the human family, yet it is the constant aim of his followers to arrive at this divine universal benevo-

lence. This assertion is amply proved by the circumstance that heathen nations, in the most distant quarters of the globe, have become to them objects of interest and affection, and that they are now diligently employed in dispensing to them the most precious gift which it is in their power to bestow. If the sneering philosopher of Hindostan, or the infidel savage of the wilderness, should ask the lonely missionary of the cross, Why came you hither?—if the doctrines you teach confer such happiness as you would persuade us they do, why did you leave the land of Christians which must of necessity be happier than ours? His answer and his justification might be conveyed in the sublime words of our motto—*Homo sum, humani nil a me alienum puto.*”

“Socrates in his death gave an example of firmness perhaps unequalled among heathen sages. But how far inferior is that fortitude which is the gift of philosophy to that which is the result of Christianity. The martyrdom of the disciples and followers of CHRIST bear witness to this assertion. Socrates was persecuted by his bitterest enemies, they by their dearest friends. Husbands betrayed wives, children parents, brothers sisters. Socrates was supported in his last hours by the soothing voice of affection and love, their ears were stunned with the execrations of inveterate hatred and demoniac malice. Socrates died in the arms of his friends, they at the stake and in the arena.”

“With the Bible for his guide man is no longer the victim of error or the dupe of the designing, he has a

rule for his conduct promulgated by prophets and confirmed by the Saviour of the world. Trusting in this the most ignorant Christian has clearer views of his duty to God and man than the boasted sages of Greece and Rome, decked as they were with all the pride of learning and philosophy."

"*Humana temne.*"—(Seneca.) Despise what is human, reject all feelings of compassion from your breast, suppress the tear that rises to your eye ready to assert the rights of pity in the human heart! Is this the language of a philosopher? We should rather say it was the command of a demon, who wished to expel this heaven-born sentiment from the world that he might assimilate all men to himself and reign in gloomy grandeur amidst the ruins of fallen humanity. Pity is the sweetest attribute of Heaven, it is the noblest feeling in the breast of man. But when our motto is rightly interpreted, he observes, it is the world, above which it commands us to soar, nor does it command us to despise worldly enjoyments without holding out to us a reward for our sacrifices. Is a man in pursuit of wealth? Christianity offers him in its stead the riches of heaven, which are inexhaustible. Is he in pursuit of pleasure? It promises the pleasures of heaven, which are unalloyed. Is he in pursuit of heaven? It offers him a kingly crown, which far surpasses in splendor the diadems of earthly sovereigns. Is he in pursuit of true happiness? It opens to his view a bright prospect of never-fading joys and never-ending bliss. What is life that we should forego for its short span an immortality of

happiness? It is a period of probation. If we look back upon the past, there will always be some painful regret; if we contemplate the present, some devouring care; if we anticipate the future, some impending calamity to disturb our repose. But man is not doomed to live always in such a world, to lead always such a life as this"—

"for from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robe, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment; but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene."

In a subsequent theme on the dangers of wealth abused, he closes with this animated appeal—"Land of my birth! listen to the voice of history. Citizens of my country! treasure in your hearts the lessons which she inculcates. Is your wealth rapidly augmenting? Devote it not, as you would avoid the fate of Rome, to the unmanly purposes of luxurious indulgence, but dispense its golden stream for the relief of suffering and misfortune, or shed its genial influence on the cultivation of literature and the arts. Redeem your literary name from the stigma which has been cast upon it and revive the splendor of ages that are gone. Cling to your republican form of government, and while you avoid the Scylla of arbitrary power, permit not your political bark to be

wrecked in the Charybdis of popular licentiousness. Guard as you would your lives, the institutions of your forefathers. Cherish the great and the good, let neither the attacks of envy, nor the assaults of malice, nor the fickleness of fortune, induce you to be ungrateful. The great and the good are the pillars of your political temple, and on them it must lean for support amidst the whirlwind and the storm."

In August 1823, at the age of nineteen, Edmund took the usual degree of A. B. The highest honors on parting from his alma mater were adjudged to him, and few had better deserved them. The merits of his public exercise at "Commencement" being in Latin, were not of course appreciated by the majority of his hearers; but all could understand and appreciate the heart-felt warmth with which he addressed his farewell to the venerable president, and to the instructors and companions of his youth; the feelings then displayed and reciprocated were felt by many who were ignorant of the import of his words, and added new interest to the sympathy already excited in his favor.

Emerging from the retirement of college life, thus crowned with honors, and at an age the most accessible to flattery, a little youthful vanity might have been pardoned to him, especially since to all other exculpating circumstances was joined the reputation of great personal beauty; yet did he continue to be noticed for a modesty of manner approaching to shyness, and a retiredness which was sometimes mistaken for coldness, and still oftener set down to the

charge of affectation or pride. Those, however, who knew him best, acquitted him of all such charges. His heart was tenderly affectionate, his mind sincerely humble. The only influence which praise seems ever to have had upon him was to excite to new exertion, while the high objects of worthy ambition with which his heart was filled left no room for the trifling thoughts of personal vanity.

Like one who knew the value of life, he allowed but little of it to pass in inaction. The choice of a profession was now to be made, and in this for a time he wavered, from a conscientious distrust of himself and his own qualifications. While his other friends were divided in their advice, his parents withheld all direct counsel on the subject ; they wisely left him to the independent deliberations of his own mind. As to himself, his wishes were decided, but not his judgment. In this state of doubtfulness, Edmund took that step from which he thought he could most easily recede : he entered his father's office as a student of law, and there remained for about two months, diligently devoted to the study of his new profession ; but the choice was not a satisfactory one ; there was a voice within that called him to more sacred duties. His friends observed him to be more than usually thoughtful ; he himself acknowledged that he was perplexed in spirit ; and at length, after some delay, and much doubt of his own faithfulness, he resolved upon devoting himself to the ministry, and that in the Protestant Episcopal Church, to which at that time no member of his family belonged. But he still lacked

confidence in that preparation of heart which he justly regarded as the first and most important requisite, and therefore determined to enter upon the course but as a probationer, professedly reserving to himself the privilege of withdrawing, without the imputation of inconsistency, in case his own distrust should continue of his qualifications for the sacred office. A year was the period of probation he assigned to himself, by the end of which he hoped to be able to determine more advisedly, and with a safer conscience ; and in the same spirit of jealousy over himself, he declined, contrary to custom, uniting himself in communion with the Church, until the expiration of his self-appointed term of trial. This arrangement, though somewhat irregular, was acceded to by Bishop Hobart, from a conviction of the purity of motive which dictated it. It received his sanction a few days previous to his departure for Europe, in October, 1823, and, in the same month, at the opening of the General Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Edmund's name was enrolled on the list of its students. The state of his feelings, at this interesting period, will best appear from his own words. The following is an extract from a letter addressed by him to an absent and much-valued relative, who feeling deeply interested in his welfare, and, entertaining a high sense of the responsibility of the sacred calling, was anxious to learn the reasons that had induced his young friend to depart from the faith of his fathers.

"SEMINARY, New-York, October 29th, 1823.

" My Dear Sir,—

* * * * *

"You hold the doctrine of regeneration to be one of the fundamental doctrines of our holy religion: such is also my belief; a belief which I have drawn from reason, from revelation, and from the knowledge that I have of the corruption and depravity of my own heart; a belief that I hope to live in, and that I shall most assuredly die in. I do most confidently trust that such is the doctrine of the Church (I speak not of individuals) of which I propose to become a member; for it is a fact, that the ninth article of that Church maintains the doctrine of original sin, and implies, not merely by consequence, but in words too, the necessity of regeneration. It is also a fact that the first act of worship in the public services of the Church runs thus:—' Almighty and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep: we have followed too much the devices and desires of our own heart: we have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and have done those things which we ought not to have done, *and there is no health in us.*' And this is repeated by the whole congregation on their knees. Such is the theory, such is the *practice* of the Church. With respect to the clergy of this denomination, I have seen nothing that savored of want of piety; but all that I have seen of them, and that is not a little, tends to prove the contrary. If any of them are led into errors of doctrine, I have charity enough to suppose

that they are sincere and conscientious in the belief and the maintenance of such doctrine. With respect to my motives for entering the profession :—I have chosen it not, believe me, for a maintenance or a name. No, I could not sell my soul to everlasting death, for the means of keeping the breath of life in this mortal frame ; I could not grasp at the fleeting shadows of earthly fame, forsaking the substantial and inestimable good of everlasting glory. I acknowledge, most fully, the truth of your description of the unsanctified man who takes upon himself the character of a minister of God. I know that he must be hypocritical, perjured, impious. I know that he must be, in this life, as wretched as restraint, self-denial, and conscience, can make an unregenerate man ; and that he must have his portion in the world to come beside that betraying disciple whose character and conduct his most nearly resemble. Mere worldly honor, mere worldly prudence, would deter me from making all my life a lie—my whole existence a scene, a reality of wretchedness. But I hope I have that within me which will render it unnecessary to call these principles into exercise. My heart is changed from what it once was. I acknowledge the existence of sin within me, and I abhor it as the cause of every evil, as the bar to every good. I love, admire, revere, the character of God. I believe in the character of JESUS CHRIST as the only means of salvation. I love his character, his attributes. I love him as the voluntary sacrifice for my sins, the atoning victim for my iniquities. I love his cause—the greatest, the

most philanthropic, the most all-important, that ever engaged the attention of mankind. To this cause, it is my hope and prayer to be made the instrument of good. Though my heart is changed, I cannot firmly say it is regenerate; and believe me, when I say, that I will never approach the communion table until my hope is stronger and more constant. My preference of the Episcopal Church arises from my conviction of the superior purity of its origin, the greater certainty of its doctrines, and the beauty, holiness, and devotion of its forms. Excuse my want of delicacy, in speaking thus plainly against the feelings you entertain in favor of your own denomination; but what I have said, was necessary for my own justification. I am glad that you have relieved yourself from the responsibility imposed on you as a friend, and as a minister of God, by the appeal that you have made to my conscience. It has excited in my mind a renewal of deep, and serious, and anxious thought; and has given me an opportunity, I trust, of exculpating myself in the eyes of a friend whom I warmly love and highly reverence. I fully appreciate your concern for my eternal welfare. I am thankful for your prayers, and trust that they will still continue to ascend in my behalf up to the throne of grace."

With such sentiments, the sincerity of which was daily evinced by an innocent, pious, and conscientious life, Edmund's keeping back from the communion, though it arose from his high sense of a Christian's duty, must still be condemned as an unwise and

unfounded scruple. We cannot indeed be too watchful in our preparation for a duty in its nature so holy, but we may be so superstitious in our reverence, as to destroy the very end for which the sacrament itself was appointed ; and those teachers certainly take upon themselves a heavy responsibility, who turn that into a *seal* of perfection, which CHRIST appointed but as a *means* of grace ; and who consequently restrict unto few, what he commanded unto all. Edmund's religious character was a peculiar one, it was at the same time ardent and humble, zealous and gentle, high-toned and liberal. His serious impressions may be said to have been from the cradle ; and his piety to have rested on the only solid foundation which man can lay, viz. domestic instruction and example. His early youth was therefore pious, his very schoolboy compositions breathe serious thought ; but that which in childhood was due perhaps but to obedience or the sympathy of example, the force of habit had long before this time turned under the blessing of God into a second nature. With years came reflection, and by degrees independent examination, which at length resulted in the choice of the ministry as a profession, and a separation from the Communion in which he had been educated. This change excited at the time much interest and discussion, and as it was unquestionably a marked instance of preference of the Church, arising out of religious inquiry, conducted by a sound discriminating mind, and resulting in a conviction so strong as to overcome the power of early prejudice, the silent influence of parental example,

and the open authority of near friends, it may be worth while to trace so far as can be done, the progressive steps by which he arrived at it. In this matter, the writer speaks partly from personal knowledge, partly from the communications of intimate friends.

Edmund's preference of the Episcopal Church, though suddenly avowed, had been slowly and deliberately formed. His first doubts arose in pursuing his academic course of civil history. The period of the Reformation arrested his attention, startled him in his prepossessions, and led him to further inquiry. In attending the prayers of the Church, which he then occasionally did, he became deeply impressed with the beauty and devotion of its noble services. In its solemn and impressive liturgy, its grave and decorous regularity, there was something peculiarly attractive to one of his refined and almost fastidious taste. His feelings at all times revolted from any thing like an approach to familiarity of language in addresses to the Deity. He argued, that public worship demanded the consecration of the lips, as well as the heart; that the name of God should be like his nature, "clothed in majesty," and that the fervor of Christian boldness should never go so far as to make man forget the humility that belongs to a "worm of the dust:" these securities he missed in extempore prayer, but found in the ritual of the Church.

The doctrines laid down in its formularies accorded too with his views of Scriptural truth, and the manner in which it should be taught. He denied the right of

any human authority to tie up the conscience on points where CHRIST had left it free ; he questioned the expediency of mixing up metaphysical subtleties with the simple doctrines of the Gospel, and he venerated the Church which limited its demands to those fundamental truths which Christians "all, always and every where,"* have received. Beyond these limits lay the debateable ground, as he thought, of private judgment, where man, as he cannot be certain, ought not to dogmatize ; and where opinions, as they affect neither the head nor the foundation of Christian faith, cannot be enrolled among the necessary articles of salvation. The point, however, which first excited his doubts, was the last upon which he critically entered. The examination of the peculiar claims of episcopal ordination, he took up after his entrance into the seminary, during the year reserved to himself as one of free and conscientious inquiry. The result which he here arrived at, was one not merely of preference, but of obligation ; he came to the conclusion, that its ministry is the only valid one, and even carried its claims so high as to doubt, if not to deny the validity of Christian baptism administered by other hands. But in this last particular, he certainly ran counter to the general current of ecclesiastical authority, which is unquestionably in favor of lay baptism. In ancient times, the Church went so far as to prescribe it, and its clergy to teach in what manner, in cases of necessity, it should be done ; and at all times it hath taught

* "Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus."

how that which is irregular in the act, may yet be valid when performed—"fieri non debet sed factum valet."

Within a few weeks after Edmund had entered the seminary, his practical faith was put to a severe trial. His oldest sister, to whom he was tenderly attached, being nearly of his own age, and the only surviving one except a child of three years, was seized with a sudden and dangerous illness. She had long been the companion of his studies and his pleasures, and had thus grown into the dearest object of his pride and affection. His father's house was now for some weeks the scene of alternate hope and despair, and at the end of that painful period, was converted into a house of mourning. Both before and after this fatal event, Edmund's feelings, though agonized both as a brother and a son, were yet exalted by the hopes and confidence of a Christian. To use his father's touching language, "He was the comforter of the comfortless, and the staff of his father's house." He communicated the fatal intelligence to an absent relative in the following terms:—

NEW-YORK, December 9, 1823.

DEAR.—, I write to you under circumstances of affliction, which it has not been the lot of our family ever before to experience. Our dear Ellen is no more. She died last Sunday evening, after an illness of about four weeks. We feel resigned to this providence of God, not only because it is the will of our heavenly Father that we should suffer affliction, but because our beloved relative gave the most consolatory evidences of having made her peace with God, and of

her being about to enter upon the joys of heaven. She was informed of her danger about two weeks before her death. She was heard in prayer. She called her dear father to pray with her; and when informed she was dying about thirty-six hours before her end, though she was perfectly possessed of her reason, the king of terrors had no terror for her. Ought we not to be thankful, my dear —, instead of repining that she is taken from us to be with her God? For my own part, I shall think of her hereafter not with the bitterness of grief, but with the sad, yet sweet recollection we derive from joys that are gone. I shall regard her not as she lay upon the bed of death, though even there the smile of a seraph dwelt upon her lips—not as she now lies in her narrow house, as calm, as pure, as innocent as the statue of a saint; but as a blessed spirit calling to my spirit, bidding me prepare to appear before my God, to stand with her in the presence of her Redeemer, and enjoy with her the beatitude of heaven. Pray with me, my dear —, that I may be enabled to attain that preparation. My composure does not, I trust, arise from insensibility; from God I have sought for consolation, and I trust it is from God I have found it. Pray for my dear parents; they will see this letter, and join in the request that they may have that consolation which cometh down from above. Pray for all of us, my dear —, that our hearts may be purified in the furnace of affliction; and that we may have reason to thank God, not only for her, but for ourselves; that our sister, daughter, and friend, has been taken from

us. Let not this deprivation damp the joy of my dear cousin ——'s bridal ; we trust that it has been our sister's bridal also, and that the bridegroom whom she has wedded, is one who throughout all the endless ages of eternity, will be able to drive every pain and every sorrow far, very far from her heart."

Edmund's mind had been very seriously impressed by his own illness the year previous ; his sister's death, now, deepened those impressions, and returned him to the sacred studies upon which he had just entered, with increased ardor and devotion, as he witnessed the uncertainty of life and its enjoyments. He still, however, adhered to his original resolution, and allowed his year of probation to pass, before he made a visible profession of his faith by coming to the holy communion. There is every reason to believe, especially from a communication made by him to his younger brother a few days before his last illness, that this was a year of deep religious exercises. As its termination approached, and the solemn decision he was pledged to make, he one day sought a private interview with his father, and after reminding him of the conditions under which he had connected himself with the seminary, observed that the year which he had allowed himself as a period of probation, was drawing to a close, and that he now felt himself called upon either to abandon the study of theology, or to devote himself irrevocably to the ministry, and to seal that covenant by becoming a partaker of the body and blood of CHRIST. He thereupon seemed to wait for

his father's reply; but the only advice which that conscientious parent could give, was to seek counsel of God; and as a means of clearing his mind of doubt, recommended him to devote several successive days to private meditation and prayer. There was every reason to believe that the advice was faithfully followed; and before the end of a week, Edmund's mind was conclusively settled. On the Sunday following he became a communicant, and continued thenceforth unwavering in his determination to devote his life and talents to the service of that Master under whose banner he then ranked himself. The acquaintance incidentally made, shortly before this, with the Reverend Dr. Lyell, Rector of Christ Church, New-York, served greatly to strengthen in Edmund both his feelings of personal religion, and his attachment to the Church of his choice. This casual acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy, and that intimacy into a friendship which terminated but with life—“Such a friendship,” to use the words of Dr. L., “as might subsist between an affectionate father and a respectful son.” Dr. L.’s church was therefore the one he most frequented, and with which he afterward became ministerially connected, while his early friend and pastor continued to be, at all times, his chosen spiritual counsellor, and the one from whose hands, when upon his dying bed, he sought the last holy consolations of religion.

During the long summer vacation of the following year, Edmund, accompanied by a chosen friend and fellow student, the Rev. George Shelton, took an

excursion through the Eastern States. On his journey, the author of the present narrative met him. Their different avocations had for some time separated them; accident and their common profession, as well as many old associations, now again united them; and the renewal of early intimacy, while it was agreeable to both, gave to him whom heaven decreed to be the survivor, and who little thought, at that time, that youth and health would precede him to the grave, some of the materials of his present melancholy task.

In August, 1826, Edmund D. Griffin was admitted into deacon's orders, in St. George's Church, in the village of Fishkill. He was ordained by Bishop Hobart, the warm, the energetic friend, the liberal patron of all youthful merit. This lamented prelate was then engaged in one of those frequent and laborious visitations through his extensive diocese, which, though to human eyes they shortened his career of usefulness, have yet left behind them such an apostolic seal of his ministry, as is in itself a blessing upon the Church, and may well awaken into emulation thousands of those who follow him. A singular coincidence may here be noticed. In the providence of God, four years after, almost to a day, the ordainer and the ordained were called to render an account of their stewardship. Almost by the same blow the Church lost both the crown of her glory and the rising pillar of her strength. The news of young Griffin's death reached the Bishop, in a distant part of his diocese, on the very day after his

own fatal attack ; and the last effort of his pen was to bestow comfort on a bereaved father. It was in these words :—

AUBURN, September 3, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot resist the impulse of my feelings, deeply to sympathize with you in the most unexpected and severe dispensation of God's providence, which has removed from you by death, your most excellent son. It was a severe stroke to me, for I cherished the sincerest regard for him ; and looked forward with high satisfaction to the distinguished usefulness and reputation to which his eminent talents, attainments, and virtues, would raise him in future life. But what are my feelings compared with yours ? What can we say but that 'God's will be done ?' Faith in the wisdom and goodness of all his dispensations, however dark or afflictive, will allay the pangs of nature, and Christian hope opens that blessed state to which your departed son will be admitted at the resurrection of the just ; and where it should be our prayer, and our aim, that we may join him before the throne of God, never to be separated.

I write in the hurry of a journey. Accept, my dear Sir, my most sincere condolence for yourself and your family, and believe me

Most truly yours,

J. H. HOBART.

But the consolation he urged was soon wanted nearer home—even while penning this letter the hand of death was upon him—he moved not from the house in which he wrote it. It was indeed as he

said "in the hurry of a journey," but it was that journey from whose bourne no traveller returns. The indisposition which had seized him the day before, and of which he made so light as not even to mention it, terminated fatally on the 12th of the same month. He fell as became the soldier of the Cross, foremost in the ranks of duty, yet last in his own esteem.—"Bear me witness," were among his dying words—"bear me witness, I have no merit of my own. As a guilty sinner, I go to my Saviour, casting all my reliance on him—the atonement of his blood. He is my only dependance, my Redeemer, my Sanctifier, my God, my Judge."*

In the death of Bishop Hobart, few lost more than he who now pens this sentence to his memory. It is a topic on which even now he dares not venture, lest his feelings should lead him too much aside from his present subject; but to have said thus much may be pardoned, if not to friendship in the mention of a name which is surrounded by a thousand affecting personal recollections, at least to the memory of a Bishop who stamped upon his Episcopate an impress of holy zeal seldom equalled, and never to be forgotten; of a man who, by the warmth of his heart, the purity of his motives, the vigor and soundness of his measures, and above all, the fearless intrepidity with which he braved their consequences, not only rallied around him such a host of devoted friends as seldom falls to the lot of public men, but won for

* See the letter of Rev. J. Rudd, communicating the account.

himself such influence as enabled him to bear down, to the last hour of life, all opposition from his path, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with the united sceptre of fear and love. His character and his virtues are now the heritage of the Church, and the cherished legacy of his friends; and the words of affectionate praise may now be poured forth without wounding that lofty and true-hearted spirit, which, through life, not only rejected but contemned all human commendation.

By the canons of the Church the duties of deacons are appointed by the Bishop. That prescribed for Mr. Griffin was both a profitable and an agreeable one: it consisted in his accompanying his diocesan in his episcopal visitation. This he did as far as Utica, and there stopped to supply, for a time, the pulpit of the Rev. H. Anthon, who took his place as travelling chaplain and companion. Upon his return to New-York, a new and still more interesting service awaited him: it consisted in the joint appointment of himself and his intimate friend, already alluded to, the Rev. George Shelton, as agents of the General Theological Seminary, to solicit funds for an institution in which they had both been educated. In pursuance of this appointment, they proceeded to Philadelphia, and in the course of a few weeks collected upward of one thousand two hundred dollars. Considerable collections were also made by them elsewhere.

His return to his family and home was marked by one of those little incidents which are treasured up in the memory when death has removed the object

of them. Edmund, though at all times a devoted student, had no great collection of books. A good library was therefore the great object of his ambition, and its acquisition, at this period, was turned into one of those pleasing surprises with which parents love to gratify the child of their affections. A highly valuable one, the property of a deceased clergyman, was for sale. It was purchased by Mr. Griffin unknown to his son, and during his absence on this tour transferred to his study, which was converted into a neat and well-furnished library. On entering, upon his return, his well-known room, he was lost first in astonishment, and then in delighted thankfulness. Such a son, what father would not love to gratify? The loss of such a son, we may add, what can enable a father to bear, but that hope which looks beyond the grave.

About this period Edmund received a call from the vestry of St. James's Church, Hamilton-square, as the assistant of their rector. Upon accepting this offer, he resigned his situation as agent, and presented to the Seminary his share of the commissions on the amounts collected, thus having it in his power to repay, in some small degree, the debt of gratitude he owed to an institution, which, in all cases, bestows its instruction gratuitously. He had already commenced his duties at Hamilton-square, and in the associate church at Bloomingdale, when he received a temporary call to officiate in Christ Church, New-York, as the associate and assistant of his friend, Dr. Lyell. This invitation, with the approbation of the vestry of St. James's Church, he accepted, dividing his time

between both. So acceptable, however, did his services soon become in Christ Church, that a unanimous call for life was shortly after offered him. This was both complimentary to his talents, and gratifying to his feelings ; it was accompanied, too, by every possible demonstration of respect and affection on the part of the congregation, and urged home upon him by the earnest wishes of his friend and pastor. His own inclinations were likewise in its favor ; but it was a question of grave decision, and one which involved many considerations. He hesitated, and in a doubtful scale parental judgment turned the balance. He declined the call, and fulfilled the remainder of his engagement at St. James's. Upon the termination of these duties, in the spring of 1828, he made a short tour to Baltimore and Washington.

But from his books, to which he now returned with double ardor, he was soon withdrawn to the care of his health ; being seized shortly after his return with symptoms of an affection of the lungs. His physician, the late Dr. Watts, prescribed travel, and forbade study and professional duty. The three following months were spent in accordance with these directions, except an occasional breach of the latter prohibition. The result to his health was favorable ; he returned home completely relieved, and in the month of October, 1828, sailed for Europe. Inasmuch as this step, as well as his declining a permanent settlement when offered him, have been made a subject of censure, and converted into a charge of luke-warmness in his profession, it is due, in justice to his

memory, as well as to the feelings of a living father, who was his principal adviser, to set this matter in a juster light. For declining an early settlement, the following arguments presented themselves : Edmund was then but twenty-two years of age, his habits those of a secluded student, his knowledge of the world drawn but from books, his acquaintance with men confined to a very limited observation, and to add the greatest subject of parental anxiety, his constitution, naturally delicate, was as yet without the confirmed vigor of manhood. Under these circumstances, let any father ask himself whether he would not feel justified in postponing for a time, in the case of a beloved son, the exciting and all-absorbing duties of a settled ministry ? It is true that the nature of our institutions, as well as the condition of our country, call for an earlier devotion of talent with us, than in the older countries of Europe. It is also true, that the wants of our Church are too pressing to leave any of her sons innocently unemployed. Still, however, it must be remembered, that supposing the interval to be well improved, increased ability of ministerial usefulness is to be set against an earlier exertion of it ; and that as the Church demands in its defence and advancement the aids of ripe learning as well as youthful zeal, it is evidently desirable that there should be found among her youthful clergy some both willing and able to devote themselves to this less attractive and altogether uncompensated labor. Such is unquestionably the temporal interest of the Church, since this ripening talent costs her nothing, and leaves her funds free to

the payment of actual laborers. As a question of personal duty it cannot be decided in the abstract, it is one of motives and circumstances which must be left to the decision of a conscientious mind. In this, however, as in most other of the duties of life, we would say "delays are dangerous:" the practice, if admitted in our Church, would afford another plea to indolence, another encouragement to incapacity, while it would burthen the conscientious mind with a new responsibility, lest through the uncertainty of life duties deferred should become duties never performed.

But a still more trying question, on these considerations of expediency, arose upon the proposition of his visit to Europe. His health was restored, and did not demand it; though on this score, as well as that of general improvement, his parents had long wished it. He himself was greatly divided, both in heart and judgment. While as a Christian minister he ardently desired to enter on the duties of his profession, he as ardently longed, both as a scholar and a Christian, to gratify his taste and thirst of knowledge by a visit to the Old World. To go, seemed like a dereliction of duty; to decline going, was in truth abandoning the only chance which would probably ever be offered to him of the highest source of innocent enjoyment and the greatest means of intellectual improvement.

In this conflict of feeling, he sought the counsel of attached and judicious friends; none gave it more clearly or justly than his early adviser, Dr. L. "You have entered," said he, "on a sacred profession, you

cannot in conscience draw back ; if therefore in sincerity of heart, you propose this tour as the means of increased usefulness, in God's name, go on ; but if it be a jaunt of pleasure, or mere worldly improvement, you *cannot* in justice to yourself, and you *ought not* in justice to the Church, to enter upon it." The writer of this memoir does not hesitate to acknowledge, that he gave his opinion strongly in favor of going. He believed Edmund to be conscientious, he knew him to be diligent, and that no opportunities of improvement would be neglected by him, and anticipating for his young friend a distinguished career of future usefulness, he desired for him the advantages of foreign travel as giving the best finish to his home education. He thought he saw, too, in him, what is usual with sensitive natures, some deficiency of that ease of manner and self-possession which are necessary to turn knowledge to practical account ; and for this natural failing, he knew no remedy equal to a judicious intercourse with strangers. For these reasons he gave his voice in favor of a year in Europe. But as deacon, Edmund was subject to the orders of the bishop, whose views were yet to be consulted. At the first, Bishop Hobart viewed his proposed absence with evident distrust : himself the soul of energy, he acknowledged no claim but that of present duty, and encouraged in his youthful clergy a self-devotion, of which he was himself the most inspiriting example. In the case of young Griffin, however, there were peculiar circumstances, and it was at length with his full approbation that the voyage was undertaken. On

the 17th Oct. 1828, Edmund embarked for Havre, quitting his home and his country with those mingled feelings of joy and sorrow which on such occasions swell the bosom of an ardent, and educated, but at the same time, affectionate and home-bred young man.

These are strongly painted in his first communication home.

"I need not commence my narrative," he says, "by dating the day of my departure, the melancholy feelings of that occasion have impressed it equally on your memory and my own ; nor need I dilate on my emotions ; the feelings with which a man for the first time quits his country and his home, and commits himself to the mercy of the winds and waves, must be experienced before they can be realized. The reflection, that months and years must elapse before we can look again upon one dear familiar face ; the sad anticipation of calamities that may occur to the objects of our love during the long interval of absence ; the thought that we ourselves may never more return, or returning, be deprived of our expected greeting : are calculated to awaken emotions too deep for utterance even by tears. In melancholy unison with these internal operations, is the external scene around us. The receding shore seems beckoning our hearts homeward, while the illimitable ocean, with an apparently irresistible attraction, draws us farther and still farther onward. At length the equal line of the horizon is unbroken, the last promontory has faded out of view. Alone upon the bosom of the deep, the magni-

ficence of nature asserts its claim on the imagination, and banishes, at least for the moment, the regrets and forebodings of the heart. For my own part, when I turned from the long last look, the fond but fruitless gaze toward the western horizon, and found that nothing met my view but the same wide world of waters, a crowd of thoughts arising from the scene absorbed every power of my mind. I seemed for the first time to realize the conception of immensity. Deeper than man can fathom, broader than the utmost stretch of vision, higher than the furthest flights of fancy, the vast expanse of ocean and of air presented a sensible emblem of this sublime idea. The transition is natural from the contemplation of his works to the consideration of the grandeur of Him who made them. The Spirit that once brooded upon chaos, seemed still to hover over the chief of its component elements." After a stormy passage of thirty days he landed at Havre, whence in company with a fellow-passenger, the Rev. J. Wheeler, of the Presbyterian Church, Windsor, Vermont, he immediately journeyed on to Paris, by way of Rouen. Being mutually pleased, they here agreed to pursue their journey together, so that Edmund continued to have the benefit and pleasure of Mr. W.'s society, until the following spring, when they parted at Rome, with feelings of reciprocal kindness. As this gentleman still lives, it is needless to add Edmund's testimony to his worth; but it is due to the dead not to withhold the following expression of Mr. Wheeler's sentiments. They are contained in a letter of con-

dolence addressed to the bereaved father. "I need not speak," says he, "of the high promise of your son ; of his power of acquiring knowledge, and of the manner he had used that power. You know it all, better than it is possible for me. Nor need I speak of that nice sense of purity, which led him to recoil almost instinctively from the least approach to the debased habits of the eastern world." Perhaps no trait in Edmund's character was more remarkable than the one to which allusion is here made, and which was sufficient to save him, as he himself in a confidential communication observed, under the protecting hand of Providence, from all the snares and temptations of vice which Europe so lavishly presents. One who knew him intimately, thus describes him in this particular. "He had all the delicacy of a refined woman. No intermixture with the world ever divested him of it. It continued to be his ornament until death."

Pleasant as were his journeyings, no companion could, altogether, wean his thoughts from home. The entry in his journal on first mixing with the crowds at Paris is, "Behold me then like a branch torn from its parent tree, and cast into a mingled tide of many and tumultuous waters."

Two months glided quickly away in Paris, for they were diligently as well as agreeably occupied. His journal bears full evidence of both, and contains many picturesque descriptions of what he saw and heard. The following extract may be taken as a sample.

"The first lecture which I attended was one by M. Cousin, the second of a course on the philosophy of the eighteenth century. It was to be delivered in the hall of the Sorbonne. Understanding that he was one of the most popular lecturers in Paris, I went thither an hour before the time, and found the room, though large enough to contain from one thousand five hundred to two thousand persons, already so thronged that I thought myself happy to obtain a seat near the door. It was curious to observe the habits of a French audience. Some were reading as quietly as if at home, but the greater part engaged in the most active use of tongue and eye. The room was filled with incessant and loud cries, of which I could not at first ascertain the meaning. At length, however, I perceived that they proceeded from persons who had retained seats vociferating the names of their friends, and from individuals in search of accommodation calling to their acquaintance in order to obtain it. Our American reserve would scarcely relish this proclamation of a name; nor would our American notions of the "rights of things and persons" permit an individual to retain more room than he could occupy himself. The lecturer was received on his appearance with a loud burst of applause, which was succeeded by a breathless silence. The French applaud on every occasion except, I believe, in church; and on the other hand, maintain a profound stillness in the intervals of exclamation. This is carried so far, that all coughing, moving, &c., take place in the pauses of the orator, instead of being

scattered over the whole time of the discourse. A Frenchman will not even sneeze unseasonably. But to return. The lecturer on the present occasion, M. Cousin, is a tall, thin man, about forty years of age. His face is long and dark, and of a melancholy and contemplative character. His eyes are large and exceedingly expressive. He was dressed in the ordinary habit of a gentleman ; and delivered his lecture, standing in an easy and dignified posture. Though his subject was of an abstract nature, he spoke extempore with uninterrupted fluency. His manner approached very near to one's idea of inspiration. The whole man, head, eyes, hands, and body, as well as voice, seemed to be engaged, and that too, without the least awkwardness or affectation, in the expression of his ideas. If at any time he paused for a moment, you could perceive by the glowing eye, the thought burning within him, and could almost anticipate its general nature from the unconscious motions of his hands. He commenced his lecture with some abstruse distinctions between religion and philosophy, assigning in general, inspiration as the source of the one, and reflection of the other. He next proceeded to assert, that religion is properly the cradle of philosophy ; a fact which he illustrated at some length from the history of the East, of Egypt, and of Greece. At length he came to Christianity, which he asserted to be the last and best, the consummation of all religions, containing whatever was purest in morals and most correct in theology, and adding the mysterious and elevating doctrine of the incarnation of the Son of

God. This religion he asserted to be the foundation of modern philosophy, a brief outline of the history of which, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, he then gave. Thus having taken, in connexion with the principle above stated, a general survey of all philosophy down to the period which constitutes the peculiar subject of his course, I never shall forget the animated dignity with which he made profession of his own belief in Christianity. Conscious that the majority of his brother *savans*, and perhaps of his audience, in heart, if not openly, would be inclined to sneer, and that his reputation as a philosopher and among philosophers, was at stake, he seemed to erect his person, and elevate his voice, and expand each glowing feature, as if in noble defiance of expected obloquy. He is accused by his enemies of a tendency to the exploded tenets of Plato; which means in reality, I suppose, a tendency to the spiritual and truly intellectual doctrines of revelation. His lecture lasted more than an hour and a half; and though it was in a foreign language, and required therefore the closer application on my part, my attention was not suffered to flag even for a moment."

Out of Paris, France offers little that can interest the traveller: Edmund, therefore, passed on rapidly to the Alps, by way of Lyons—crossed the Mont Cenis, and realizing one of the golden visions of his youth, stood on the classic soil of Italy. The glowing picture he draws when it first opened upon him, shows how powerfully it wrought upon his feelings.

"It was on the morning of our leaving Turin that

I had a better view than on any preceding occasion, of the magnificent scenery with which it is surrounded. Starting at six o'clock, we soon arrived at the bridge of the Po, and I looked of course for the mountains. My hope of seeing them was but small, as day had only just begun to break. However, far in the horizon, opposed to the coming sun, I perceived a faint red, which served to mark their outline. While the rest of the world was still buried in night, they were privileged to catch the beams of day. By and by their color warmed into a rich roseate hue, which contrasted beautifully with the violet tint of the mist that lay in darkness at their feet. As morning advanced, a red hot glow succeeded, and the vast amphitheatre of Piedmont was, in its whole western section, lighted up with an ineffable and overwhelming radiance. Meantime the eastern horizon was not unworthy of attention. The golden hues of an Italian sky formed a magnificent back ground, against which were relieved the towers of the Superga, and the picturesque outline of the neighboring hills. Scarcely had I time to contemplate this part of the scene and turn toward the mountains, before their aspect was again changed. The mist had fallen like a curtain at their feet, and the precarious tints of dawn had ripened into a twilight gray. The mountains themselves, in their whole vast extent, now seemed a wall of fire. I am using no figure of rhetoric, and wish to be understood literally. Iron in the furnace could not have glowed with an intenser red, than did those stupendous masses in the rays of morning. Never did I witness

a scene of such transcendent and overwhelming magnificence. A wall of fire, seeming almost as extensive as half the circumference of earth, its battlements and pyramids and towers shooting upward into heaven, as if preparing to inflame those elevated regions; and above and still beyond, new spires catching the same fiery radiance, the bases of the mountains clothed in vapor, the valley pervaded with the gray mist of twilight, the distant town relieved against this brilliant back ground, the majestic river, the rich eastern sky, composed a landscape which brought the tears into my eyes, and closing my lips in silence, precluded even the ordinary expressions of delight."

The ardor with which he greeted its names of glory and scenes of interest, none can fully appreciate but the youthful scholar from the New World. Those of England, or the continent, may visit the mouldering monuments of Italy better qualified to *examine* and to *judge*; but to *feel* their power belongs peculiarly to the American student. He, to whom yesterday is antiquity, stands in speechless admiration on the spot where a Roman trod, or before works which a Grecian chisel has traced: these are emotions which a European can hardly estimate, but which our young traveller seems to have experienced in their full force, for he lingered amid the objects which excited them, and especially at Rome, after all the other American travellers had quitted it, and to the very utmost limit of his time or safety. For the overflowings, as we may justly term them, of his classical sensibility, the reader must be referred to the journal

of his tour in his published "Remains." He travelled under a stimulus that made whatever he saw his own, with a curiosity ever awake, alive to every impression, yet always tempered by the love and resolution of real knowledge. The amount of information which he thus acquired and secured during so rapid a progress, forms one of the most remarkable circumstances of his short tour; but it was a labor of love, repaid at the time by the highest enjoyment, and as it would have been tenfold afterward, by the pleasing retrospect of time well spent, and the conscious stores of memory for future use. To his youthful countrymen who visit Europe for pleasure or improvement, he may, therefore, be held up as a fair model. He passed through the most interesting as well as seductive parts of Europe, as became the gentleman, the scholar, and the Christian. No time was wasted by him in indolence, or abused to low gratifications: virtuous industry saved him from the one, religious principles raised him above the other, and both united to turn to noble improvement, opportunities which, by too many of his youthful age, would have been neglected, or perverted to folly or to vice. How far his journal bears out this encomium, may be judged of from the language of an able British critic. "This tour," says Mr. Bulwer, "breathes a pure classical enthusiasm; every object of beauty or sublimity, every circumstance illustrative of men and manners, whatever regards nature or art, the world of matter, the world of mind, all are united in the spirit of a man who thinks, feels, and writes under the influence of a cor-

rect judgment and fervid imagination, informed and chastened with a rich store of precious knowledge and attainments. The author poured out the fulness of his soul to relieve himself and to gratify his friends." After a rapid visit to Naples and Pæstum, he returned northward by way of Ancona and Bologna, to Venice. Through Padua, Vicenza, and Parma, he reached Milan; and crossing the Simplon, toward the end of June, bade to Italy an unwilling adieu. To these feelings he gave vent in a poetical farewell, of which the following form the concluding stanzas :

O Italy ! my country, fare thee well !
 For art thou not my country, at whose breast
 Were nurtured those whose thoughts within me dwell,
 The fathers of my mind ? whose fame imprest,
 E'en on my infant fancy, bade it rest
 With patriot fondness on thy hills and streams,
 Ere yet thou didst receive me as a guest,
 Lovelier than I had seen thee in my dreams ?

Then fare thee well, my country ! loved and lost:
 Too early lost, alas ! when once so dear ;
 I turn in sorrow from thy glorious coast,
 And urge the feet forbid to linger here.
 But must I rove by Arno's current clear,
 And hear the rush of Tiber's yellow flood,
 And wander on the mount, now waste and drear,
 Where Cesar's palace in its glory stood ;

And see again Parthenope's loved bay,
 And Pæstum's shrines, and Baiae's classic shore,
 And mount the bark, and listen to the lay
 That floats by night through Venice—never more ?
 Far off I seem to hear the Atlantic roar—
 It washes not thy feet that envious sea,
 But waits, with outstretch'd arms, to waft me o'er
 To other lands, far, far, alas, from thee.

cannot conceive how delightful it was to me to join once again a family circle resembling our own ; to exchange once more, in my native tongue, views and feelings with those disposed to listen with more than the mere interest of a passing stranger ; to see a mother who reminded me of you, and two little girls, in size and appearance like my dear little sisters ; to go again to church, and listen to that sublime, devotional, affecting liturgy, which I had not heard since I left Geneva."

The preference he here so decidedly expresses for the countries of the continent over England, was the natural result of the order in which he had visited them, and its notice may suggest to subsequent young American travellers the advantage of reversing that order, on the score of both pleasure and improvement.

To a native of the New World, no portion of the Old is without interest : he finds, every where, the stimulus of both novelty and antiquity ; he should therefore begin with the one as it were nearest home, that by so doing every step he takes may rise in its power over his imagination. Thus England, though the first in the scale for improvement, is unquestionably, to Americans at least, the lowest for excitement : with this, therefore, we should begin ; and then France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, will be found successively to ascend in the scale of interest. The reversed order spoils the whole. After Italy, short of Greece, there is no antiquity ; after Switzerland, go where you will there is no scenery :

consequently, all that follows is dull, tame, and modern. Hence the inconsistent estimate which travellers form of the beauty and grandeur of the Rhine, according as they are rising out of the marshes of Holland, or descending spirit-fraught from the mountains of Switzerland. The valley of the Rhine is noble or tame, just as the tourist's course may happen to be north or south. From this cause Mr. G. failed to derive the pleasure his good taste would otherwise have done from English scenery. Thus the language of his journal, after describing the ascent of Skiddaw, is, "But what is Skiddaw to the Righi?" and again, "One glance at the Terni is worth a whole day's contemplation of the falls in Cumberland." This may be true; but it is unwise and unnecessary, and from personal experience the author would recommend to his countrymen that order in visiting them which makes each successive scene a subject of enjoyment, and not of criticism—or if it brings in comparison, brings it always in aid of admiration.

Among the letters Edmund found waiting his arrival in London, was one from his father, counselling, or rather urging his prolonged stay in Europe, in order that he might give the requisite time for the institutions of England. But he had already reached the proposed limit of his absence, and felt himself called home both by duty and affection. After these objections were removed by a little further reflection, "in which," said he, "I bow to that advice by which I have always been guided to

my good," another still remained. It is best given in his own words.

"LONDON, 8th August, 1829.

MY DEAR FATHER,

* * * * *

" My expenses in Great Britain for eight months longer, must necessarily be great. The only condition, therefore, my dear father, on which I remain in Europe is, that the money expended may be deducted from that portion, the amount of which I never sought to know, and the reception of which I have never coveted. Here, indeed, I am treading upon delicate ground, disposing of things to which I have no right. You will pardon me, however, I am sure, when you reflect, that justice to my brothers and sisters demands at least thus much from me."

It is perhaps needless to add, that while his mind was made easy on this score, the substance of his request was not granted.

As soon as he had made up his mind to remain until the spring, he turned himself with wonted diligence to his improvement. The circle of friends into which he was introduced, among whom were some of rank, and many of talent, was highly favorable to the attainment of every noble end which travel can produce ; and wherever he became known, he left the impression of a highly accomplished, ingenuous, and interesting young man. Of this fact the writer was himself enabled personally to judge, having been in England a few months subsequently to Mr. Griffin's

visit, when the recent news of his death awakened in those who had known him the warmest expressions of regret and admiration. In a tour to the lakes of Cumberland, he became a visiter at Greta Hall, the residence of Robert Southey, a man whom to have seen and known, for a young American, may well be accounted an honor. His description of this eminent writer is so graphic and just that it merits insertion.

" In the midst of this scene of soothing beauty and abundant fertility on the one hand, and of picturesque grandeur and wild sublimity on the other, lives Mr. Southey ; the character of whose genius seems to have been formed after, or itself actually to have given shape to, the material objects by which it is surrounded. He resides at Greta Hall, beautifully situated upon a rising ground near the river Greta. I found him in the evening, surrounded by his books and family, the most simple and unpretending of men. He is in person above the middle size, but slender, with something of the stoop and listless air of an habitual student. A retiring forehead, shaded in part by thick curled hair, already gray ; strongly marked arching eye-brows ; uncommonly full, dark eyes, blue I incline to think ; a thin but very prominent nose ; a mouth large and eloquent, and a retreating but well-defined chin, compose a countenance which, whether animated or contemplative, and it frequently changes its character, is at once impressive and attractive. To give you, perhaps, a more definite idea of his features, they resemble, in form and arrangement, those of Kirke White. Indeed, so striking

is the likeness, that the mother of Kirke White was very much affected by it on her first interview with the biographer of her son. He converses very rapidly, both in language and ideas. Indeed, it is somewhat difficult to keep pace with his mind, in its transition from one idea to another consequent upon or analogous to it. He asserts with great energy and decision; but this seems to arise, not from a disposition to dogmatize, but from a natural impetuosity and perspicacity of mind. He uses no gesticulation; but his features and his person are instinct with animation, and alive with nervous action. He frequently walks up and down the room, as if to expend a superabundant quantity of excitement. Though he has viewed the scenery of the continent with the eye and imagination of a poet, yet he seems fondly attached to the scenes among which he lives, and loves to point out their beauties. Indeed, I should have discovered his favorite haunts, without his assistance. Mr. Southey's walks, and Mr. Southey's views, seemed to be almost as well known to my guide as to himself. I was delighted to hear him speak in terms of enthusiastic applause of an American production. He had lately received from the United States a book containing the life and remains of Miss Davidson. He remarked that he had never read a more melancholy or interesting story; that the young authoress, who died like Kirke White from over excitement, exhibited in her poems proof of uncommon early talent. I am persuaded that the idea too commonly prevalent in our country, that Mr. Southey is disposed to undervalue

American genius, is incorrect. He evinces, it is true, a glowing attachment to his own country ; but he also displays in his countenance, manners, and conversation, the liberal views and feelings of a general philanthropist."

To the general fidelity of this description, the author would bear willing witness, especially to those powers of mind which can make such a man appear great in personal intercourse to those who approach him even with the high anticipations which his works naturally create ; associations which now in after recollection add a double interest to the perusal of all that he has written, so lofty and pure minded.

A short tour into the western highlands brought Mr. G. to the metropolis of the north, where he spent three months in making himself acquainted with the institutions of Scotland, and in familiar intercourse with its ablest men. The following is an extract from one of his home letters, about this period : it is addressed to his mother, on occasion of his brother's marriage :

" EDINBURGH, November 12th, 1829.

" MY DEAREST MOTHER,

* * * * *

" I had intended to have left myself more space, in which to wish you joy of your new daughter. I trust she may supply the place in your affections of one who is now in heaven. I have expressed myself ill. The place I spoke of is still filled by dear Ellen's image. But you have room enough in your heart to place another by its side, and the two images will by

and by perhaps melt together into one. In my brother's wife, you will love your daughter. I hope she already loves my little sisters. Her example in aid of yours, my mother, will form them what they should be. Do not let them forget me."

To this home of his affections his heart was always turning ; even in his devotion to the acquisition of knowledge, the love and approbation of those whom he left behind seems never forgotten. "From all these scenes," says he, in a subsequent letter, "however dignified by history, or illustrated by romance, my heart turns to my own native land, and the dear domestic circle." As the period of his return to it approached, it naturally dwelt still more upon his mind : he speaks of it as occupying his thoughts by day, and his visions by night. "The harbor, and beautiful bay and city," he observes, "often burst upon my view, almost as palpably as when, seventeen months ago, I looked a last farewell." On the 1st April 1830, he took passage from Liverpool for New-York. In his last letter from London, communicating this arrangement, and speaking of the feelings with which he quitted England, he says, "I return a more enlightened, and for that very reason, a more *partial* American than ever. I love my country better, and see reason to love it better than before I left it."

While no American would feel inclined to dissent from this conclusion, there are yet many who may see in it a tone of excited feeling, not only foreign to the mildness of Mr. Griffin's character, but unfavorable

to the acknowledgment by foreigners of its truth. The explanation of this warmth is afforded by his private journal ; from which it appears that his feelings, as an American citizen, had been often wounded during his stay in England, by a sneering tone on the subject of his country ; he having been so unfortunate as to meet with some whose patriotism went as certainly beyond their politeness, as it probably did beyond either their knowledge or judgment. The author says that in this Mr. G. was *unfortunate*, since, judging from his own experience, such language is now as rare in England, as it is misapplied : his recollections of a recent visit not furnishing him with a single instance of an educated man, who was not also liberal in his feelings toward America ; and though often ignorant of the detail of her institutions, yet appreciating justly their nature and influence ; and reciprocating with fraternal frankness those sentiments of respect and amity which unquestionably belong to the better part of the American community. These are sentiments, it may be added, not only just in themselves, but mutually becoming : they spring so naturally from the sympathy of a common language, a common literature and faith, that no feeling or considerate mind would willingly wound them ; wo then to that narrow policy by which such bonds are severed, and, threefold, wo to that malignant pen which seeks to sow discord where nature hath planted peace. Treated as a brother in the land of his fathers, the writer would now fain perform a brother's part, and add his drop of balm toward healing those wounds of

petty jealousy, which are as unwise in policy as they are in domestic life degrading to individual character, and certainly unworthy of great and kindred nations.

But Mr. Griffin's feelings had been evidently greatly hurt, insomuch as to induce him to address a letter on the subject to the editor of a leading review in London ; which, however, it would seem that second thoughts withheld him from sending.

On the 17th April 1830, Mr. Griffin arrived in New-York, after a passage of sixteen days, being one of the shortest ever made across the Atlantic. The joy of re-union with his parents may be better conceived than expressed, and to them it was doubled by the evident proofs immediately afforded, that travel had answered all their most anxious wishes ; his health was confirmed, his stores of knowledge increased, his powers of usefulness enlarged, and he now stood before them in the bloom and vigor of manhood ; such a son as parents love to contemplate, prepared to enter with high prospects on a career of active duty, to which affection fondly assigned a long duration. But these were visions not destined to be fulfilled. He lived but to give evidence how well fitted he was for the duties he had undertaken, and was then withdrawn to a higher sphere of usefulness, we may trust, as well as happiness. Within a week after his return a call of friendship was made upon him, such as few of his age had talents to fulfil. It was to complete a course of academic lectures on the history of literature in the place of one who, as already said, little expected to be his biographer. Forced by ill

health to give up for a time his college duties, the writer of this memoir was happy enough to find among those educated under his charge, two individuals in whose friendship and ability he found the means of absence, with comfort to himself and without injury to the institution. Of these, Mr. Griffin was one;* and the task undertaken by him was so performed, as to add another pang to the mind of his friend in the recollection of his loss, viz. the inability of returning thanks. It was a duty both urgent and laborious; involving, in addition to the general charge of history and composition, the immediate preparation and delivery of a course of lectures, for which he had made no definite preparation, and in which the short and imperfect notes of the professor could have afforded him, had they been in his hands, but little aid. These lectures continued through the months of May and June, being prepared, written out, and delivered, almost it may be said at the same moment. They extend to more than three hundred pages octavo; a degree of manual as well as intellectual labor not often paralleled; and when coupled with the recollection of it being a voluntary unbought service, taken up without premeditation, in the very moment of return, carried on without aid, and completed in the midst of all the interruptions incident to such a period of hurried congratulation; it may be said without exaggeration, that they remain a noble

* The other individual alluded to, was W. B. Lawrence, Esq., late Charge d'Affaires at the court of London; who kindly undertook, and most ably fulfilled the duties of the Professor of Political Economy.

monument of promptitude, diligence, and knowledge, and afford a rich sample of what might have been effected by him had life been spared. Of these lectures, a portion is before the public in his published "Remains." In justice to their author, the reader must not forget the circumstances of haste under which they were written. For the task itself, Mr. Griffin was well fitted both by nature and education; joining to great natural delicacy of taste, a familiar acquaintance with the best models of both ancient and modern times. His classical education had been thorough, so far as that term may be applied to American scholarship. He was also intimately acquainted with the languages and literature of Italy and France, and deeply read in that of his own tongue. His recent tour had not only extended his knowledge, and still further cultivated his taste, but had somewhat of its usual influence in elevating criticism into a science. The Italian language had been one of his earliest acquisitions; he was engaged in its study with his lamented sister, when death made him a solitary student. His instructor (Professor Da Ponte) speaks of him as having evinced "a singular aptitude in its acquisition, and great diligence and judgment in the perusal of its authors." With the French he was equally familiar: according to the statement of one of the most accomplished of our French scholars, (the Rev. A. Verren,) he spoke the language upon his return from Europe with such purity, that Mr. V. looked forward with confidence to his occasional aid in the supply of his pulpit in that

tongue. His course of lectures, from the amplitude with which he treated his subjects, was confined to Roman and Italian literature, together with that of England down to the writers of the reign of Charles II.

In addition to the collegiate duties already enumerated, at the request of the President he undertook the supervision of the Senior Class in their preparation for the approaching Commencement, and received in return the following expression of their thanks.

*Copy of a Communication from the Senior Class of Columbia College,
to the Rev. EDMUND D. GRIFFIN.*

NEW-YORK, August 2d, 1830.

SIR,—The members of the Senior Class, before its separation, are constrained by grateful feelings to address to you their acknowledgments for the interest you have manifested, and their thanks for the assistance you have rendered them in their preparations for the approaching Commencement. Be assured, Sir, your attentions will always be remembered with a lively sense of pleasure ; and it is our hope that this acquaintance, auspiciously commenced, may be a prelude to a firm and lasting friendship, based on our part upon gratitude for the favors we have received ; on yours, upon the consciousness that you have merited and now possess our esteem.

With great respect, Sir,

We remain your earnest well-wishers,

B. S. FERGUSON, FRANKLIN MILLER,

JAS. BOUDOIN, HENRY NICOLL,

H. C. MURPHY,

To the Rev. E. D. GRIFFIN.

On the part of the Class.

The zeal and ability with which this, as well as every other part of the academic duty was performed by him, was not only feelingly acknowledged by the students themselves, but suggested to the trustees of the college the establishment of a new professorship, with the especial view of securing his services in it. This plan was frustrated by his early and unexpected death; and the disappointment called forth a warm expression of regret on the part of the students, as well as of the faculty of the college, who already seemed to claim him for their own.*

* At a meeting of the Faculty of Columbia College, held at the President's Rooms, on Wednesday, September 1, 1830—Present, the President; Professors Moore, Anthon, Renwick, Anderson, Kent, Da Ponte, Verren, Turner, Velasquez,

Resolved, That the members of this Board, having heard with the deepest regret of the recent death of their friend and brother, the Rev. EDMUND D. GRIFFIN, and entertaining the highest sense of the virtues and talents of their much lamented associate, do hereby sympathize with his relatives and friends in this most afflicting bereavement, which has deprived society of one of its fairest ornaments, and his Alma Mater of a zealous and able instructor.

Resolved, That, as a tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased, the members of this Board will wear the customary badge of mourning for the space of thirty days.

HENRY J. ANDERSON,
Secretary to the Board.

At a meeting of the Students of Columbia College, held in the College Chapel on Wednesday, October 4th, 1830—being the first occasion of assembling after the annual vacation—Mr. R. Emory was called to the chair, and Mr. L. S. Waddell appointed Secretary. The object of the meeting having been stated by the Chairman, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted :

Whereas, we have heard during the late vacation, the melancholy intelligence of the death of the Rev. EDMUND D. GRIFFIN, our esteemed

But it is very doubtful whether Mr. Griffin's views of professional duty would have permitted him to accept this very flattering proposition, had it been made ; although his nearest advisers were in its favor, and its duties were too well suited both to his taste and acquirements, not to be personally desirable, and though it was a sphere of usefulness, for which he had shown himself peculiarly fitted ; still, such were his scruples as to the nature of his ministerial obligations, it is questionable whether any arguments would have been found sufficient. To the friends so often alluded to, Dr. L. and the Rev. Mr. S., he latterly expressed his resolution against it ; though it must be acknowledged that on this subject at first his mind wavered. But whatever may have been his decision, it is unquestionably a false and narrow view of his profession to make his rejection of an academic

and distinguished Professor ; and whereas we have been hitherto unable to express our sentiments on this mournful event : therefore,

Resolved, That in the untimely death of the late Professor GRIFFIN, we are called on to lament the loss of one, whose kind solicitude for the improvement and welfare of his pupils, whose conciliating manners, ever inviting them to diligence, and whose brilliant talents, ever devoted to their interests, called forth the highest admiration.

Resolved, That we will ever cherish the recollection of his virtues, and sincerely sympathize with his relatives and friends in the affliction caused by this melancholy event.

Resolved, That in testimony of our high respect for the memory of the deceased, and of our deep regret at his loss, we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days from this date.

Resolved, That the proceedings of the meeting be signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and published.

ROBERT EMORY, *Chairman.*

L. SAXBURY WADDELL, *Secretary.*

situation, as many were inclined to do, a matter of conscience. Such it could not be in the eye of reason; nor ever has been, in the practice of the Church; nor was it, in fact, thus regarded in his particular case by the bishop, who was the official expounder of his professional duty, and whom no man ever yet charged with lightly regarding the obligations of the sacred office. This indeed is a grave error, and in a country like our own, where education is already too much secularized, demands a serious refutation. It is an opinion which, while it springs from piety, tends to irreligion, by divorcing the charge of youth from that profession which by human learning is best fitted for the task, to whose hands its moral interests can be most safely intrusted, and from whom alone the young can receive that religious instruction which gives value and soundness to all other. In a national point of view, education is the medium and measure of religion. Individuals may in after life experience conversion, but it is not so with nations; the mass of men are in manhood what they were made in youth; to be Christians, they must have been brought up in the faith and practice of the Gospel: but this cannot be, if a sense of duty is to withhold from the task of education those who alone can perform this most essential part of it. The argument might here perhaps be safely rested, since it is evident there must exist some fallacy in an opinion so directly at variance with the public good. But lest the scruple should operate hereafter upon some sensitive mind, as it might have done upon Mr. Griffin's, to the dimi-

ination of his own usefulness, and consequently of his happiness, it is worth going a step further to put it on more individual ground. As all Christian ministers are not called to the same office, so what the particular office of any one should be, there are but three interpreters to whose decision it can be referred: these are, the language of the Gospel, whose minister he has become; the authority of the Church, whose vows he has undertaken; or that light of reason, which is given to guide him to Christian usefulness.

Now if he look to the first, the Gospel prescribes the substance, but not the form of his duty: there are many members, but all have not the same office: though the harvest therefore is to be reaped, yet the seed is also to be sown, and he who first tills the field may justly claim a share in its fruits. If again he look to the language of his vow, the Church must interpret what the Church has imposed; and that has always included the task of education among the duties of the ministry; or, lastly, if reason is to decide, it becomes a question of expediency in what manner the greatest amount of moral and religious good may be effected; and when natural talent and temper fit peculiarly for influence with the young; where, it may be asked, can the powers of a Christian minister be exercised in a manner more available to the eternal happiness of his fellow creatures? For it is only when sown in that virgin soil that the good seed brings forth some sixty, and some a hundred fold; and even where worldly studies alone are in question, experience proves that even they may be sanctified by the spirit in

which they are communicated, and youth be trained to piety, by an influence the more powerful, because it is both incidental and unobserved.

In applying these observations to Mr. Griffin, the opinions of those who knew him may differ. With such talents and accomplishments, aided by such habits of conscientious diligence, nothing was unattainable, either in the pulpit or the professor's chair, but still, in the opinion of many of his friends, the balance leaned greatly in favor of academic usefulness. Nature and education had alike fitted him for the accomplished and influential instructor of youth. Even that formal and chastened manner which nature had given, or rather which education had implanted upon native diffidence, and which travel had but very partially overcome, suited much better with the professor than with the preacher. Of this defect, if it may be so called, he was himself strongly aware, and labored greatly to correct it, from the conviction that it would be unfavorable to his influence as a public speaker. His first letter to his father, from London, alludes to it as one of the objects of improvement which he kept constantly in view. "I freely," says he, "give you my promise to use every means and occasion of overcoming that morbid shyness incident to my character and mode of life. I think, in fact, that it is already, in part at least, subdued." Whether years, and the confidence they bring, would eventually have changed this manner, or whether the manner itself would have been lost in the reality of higher excellences, it is not

easy to say ; but it is easy to perceive that that which would have been some drawback to his powers of oratory, was none to his talents as an instructor. In the latter course, eminence and distinguished usefulness lay immediately within his reach. But, alas ! these are now idle speculations, except in reference to those who come after him.

From his college labors Edmund was released by the approaching vacation. It brought him leisure, but turned him not over to idleness. New studies and enlarged plans of usefulness immediately occupied him. A few weeks were given to health, in an excursion to the seaside, a relaxation demanded by his long and close confinement. He then proceeded to pay a visit to a younger brother in the western part of the State of Massachusetts, one whom he had not seen since his return, and the state of whose religious feelings excited in him the warmest interest. He had left that brother, two years before, a thoughtless, perhaps worldly youth : he returned to find him a devoted, zealous inquirer after Christian truth, abandoning the fair prospects of worldly advancement which had begun to open to him, and retiring to solitude and study, with a view to devote himself to the labors of an Evangelist. The news of this change had reached Edmund in Europe, and one of his earliest letters, after his arrival, was addressed to his brother. It ran as follows :

• "One of my most eager longings, my dear brother, on my voyage home, was to have an opportunity of conversing freely with you on the happy change which

you have recently experienced ; a change which concerns not merely temporal, or transitory interest, but which secures, I trust, your eternal happiness. I have wished to see you accomplished, literary, rich ; but God has given you brighter ornaments, a more precious wisdom, and more enduring riches. I purchased for you, at Geneva, a very pretty breast-pin. At present I shall not tender it to your acceptance, but shall retain for you a Bible purchased for my own use, and which includes, under the same cover, (no unmeet companion,) the Common Prayer Book of the Church of England. I shall send it by the first opportunity that occurs, and beg that you will make the Bible, at present, the sole object of religious study. Have nothing to do, as yet, with *theology*. It is enough for the present, that the Bible convinces you of the heinousness of sins committed by yourself, and points out the only remedy, the atoning blood of the Lamb of God ; that the Bible assures you of your own inability to turn to God, and to preserve your peace with him, and directs you to the only efficient aid in the assisting and sanctifying influence of the HOLY SPIRIT, to be sought by prayer, meditation, and the attentive perusal of the will of God. It is enough, that as the Bible threatens, so also it promises ; as it pierces, so also it heals ; that it has brought life and immortality to light, and has assured a participation in those glorious privileges, to all who humbly and perseveringly seek after them. With the explanation of minor difficulties, you have at present no concern ; they are but as motes in the sunbeam ; they cannot interrupt the passage of the light."

The only point in his brother's views which did not accord with his own, was his adherence to the Presbyterian Church. This subject Edmund had not only studied faithfully, and to the best of his ability fully, but the recent examination he had given to the state of the non-Episcopal Reformed Churches, both in Great Britain and on the continent, had confirmed him still further in his attachment to the doctrines, ritual and ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church ; and in affection he longed, while in delicacy he hesitated, to urge upon his brother the conclusions to which he had himself arrived. But following the safe and prudent example of his father, in his own case, he refrained from influence, and contented himself with the advice of deferring all such questions till time and knowledge should give him further light.

On Wednesday, 25th August, accompanied by this brother, he returned to New-York, and with him were spent the few remaining days of life allotted him. They were passed in such delightful and improving intercourse, that the survivor loves to look back upon them as a period peculiarly blessed, when brotherly affection was sanctified by the common bond of deep-felt religion, and made more tender by the feelings of long separation. Their mornings were sedulously employed in preparing for duties which one at least was not destined to fulfil. Their long summer afternoons were whiled away in walks prolonged far beyond the noise and bustle of the city. But with Edmund the drama of life was fast drawing to a close : and as its termination approached, though

indicated by no outward sign, yet that faith which was to be his dying comfort seemed to grow instinctively on his affections, and to occupy a more prominent place in his thoughts. On the morning of Saturday, the day of his fatal attack, he passed some hours with his friend,* the Jay Professor of Languages in the college, planning, among other schemes of literary labor, devoting the leisure of his vacation to German literature. Full of life and health, and all its buoyant energy of usefulness and self-improvement, no labor seemed too great for him, no attainments beyond his grasp ; insomuch that one of his friends, upon the termination of his last earthly visit, gave vent to that mingled feeling of admiration and fear, which is so naturally inspired by an over prosperous good fortune, and which, on this occasion, seemed like a presentiment of evil. So natural is this apprehension of the near approach of sudden misfortune in the midst of great prosperity, as to have inspired the ancient Heathen with the belief that some deity was jealous of man. But Christianity has instructed us in the wiser lesson, that it is appointed to teach him the vanity of the world. And who can help but learn it, when they see the sudden reverse of such a happy picture ? On the afternoon of this day, the two brothers crossed the Hudson river to Hoboken, in order that in the retirement of that rural spot they might wander and talk with greater freedom. In the course of their walk, the younger brother was relating to Edmund a death-

* Charles Anthon, LL. D.

bed scene, which, a few weeks before, he had witnessed : and he now recalls, with a fond and almost superstitious feeling, the deep impression with which the narrative was listened to. He describes his brother as riveted in mute attention to the spot on which he stood, every feature fixed, every faculty of his mind absorbed, and for minutes after the tale was ended, apparently lost in thought, as if some secret voice had whispered to him, "Be thou also ready."

And even so it was. Before they reached their home the fatal disease had attacked him : he complained to his brother of unusual pain, but made light of it to his mother, in answer to her tender inquiries, and sat up until his usual hour of retiring. About the middle of the night, his father visited his room : and in answer to his question, was told by Edmund that he then felt quite easy. About two hours after, the anxious parent again approached his bed. He spoke, but no answer was returned ; Edmund either slept, or wished to have it thought so, that he might relieve the anxiety of those who were kept watching on his account. Very early the next morning a physician was sent for. During the whole of Sunday he was in considerable pain ; in the course of the evening he grew worse, and about ten o'clock his complaint assumed all the decided marks of an inflammation of the bowels. The usual remedies were administered, and at first no apprehensions entertained. But with the morning, the disease assumed a more serious aspect ; the patient was attacked

with a severe chill. A consulting physician of the first eminence was now called in, and the day passed by his parents in that state of feeling which those who thus love alone can understand ; but which they who have once felt, never forget ; when their hearts are full of fears, such as their tongues cannot express, and their reason dares not contemplate, as if it were some gulf beneath their feet, the sight of which would turn the brain. Early in the evening, his case was pronounced by the physicians to be extremely critical ; and a third eminent practitioner summoned to soothe parental anxiety ; but, alas, to show at the same time the insufficiency of human skill. But now as earthly hopes failed, began the triumph of Christian faith ; and it has seldom been more signally displayed in giving calmness to a hurried bed of death. He who is weary of life, may easily be reconciled to laying down its burthen : age and disease can be said to make but little sacrifice when they turn their back upon the world, but it is otherwise with the pride and prime of life ; when youth, and health, and fair prospects, and noble preparations for usefulness, are all dashed at once to the ground, and exchanged for those dark and solemn thoughts which hover around the grave ; then to

Quit the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind,—

this is a hard trial, and to this trial of faith, few have been more suddenly called. Edmund's prospects of life were cloudless : to him, all above was sunshine, all around were flowers ; and the enchant-

ing freshness of the morning was still upon the face of the earth. In such an hour death came. His attack was unexpected, the danger imminent, and the communication of it to him, from the urgency of the case, in full and undisguised terms ; and yet he faltered not for a single moment in the steadfastness of his mind. He viewed it calmly in its full approach, and met it as a Christian should. He received it as a summons from a father to return home : as an obedient child returns from some pleasant wandering, so he bade adieu to a world which to him was so fair, and like one who had better things in prospect, was enabled to cheer those who came to comfort him. But it would be doing injustice to such a scene to describe it in other than that simple language in which it was drawn up by a faithful eye-witness, within a few hours after his death ; to his parents a record of his blessedness, and their only source of comfort.

At about twelve o'clock, on Monday night, (August 30th, 1830,) the three physicians finished their consultation, in which they pronounced Edmund to be very dangerously, but not desperately ill. They requested his father that no communication of his danger might be made to him, at least until the next morning. His father promised that no communication of that kind should be made during the night, unless in answer to some question directly put by him, or unless his situation should essentially change before morning. At about three o'clock, on Tuesday morning, he took his father by the hand, while the

latter was sitting by his side, and asked what the doctors thought of him ; to which his father replied, "They think you very dangerously ill, my dear son." He asked, "Do they think my case desperate?" The father replied, "Not desperate : they have great fears, but many hopes." The father added, "But should our fears be realized, my dear son, (and in sickness there is always danger,) do you feel prepared to meet your God in judgment?" After a short pause he replied, with composure and solemnity, "I do."

At about half-past five the attending physician called, to whom he stated that he felt himself much better, and that he thought he could be dressed and sit up. The physician shook his head, and retired. The father followed, and the physician then stated to him that the case of his son was hopeless ; that he could not live through the day ; and that there was no reason to delay any longer a free communication to him of his danger.

His father returned to the room, and in terms gentle, but plain, informed him that his life was despaired of. He calmly asked how long he had to live ; and was informed that that day must, in all human probability, close his mortal career. He received the communication without the slightest agitation. On being asked if the intelligence alarmed him, he replied, with the utmost composure and solemnity, "No, dear father." Being asked whether the Lord JESUS appeared precious to him, his very soul seemed to reply, "Yes." Being asked whether

he appeared more precious to him then, than he ever had in health, he paused for a moment, and at that time made no reply to the question. About this period his mother entered the room. He took her hand, and said to her, with a complacent look, "Dear mother, mourn not for me as for one without hope." He said to his eldest brother, who then came forward to take, as he thought, his final leave, "I am perfectly aware of my situation, but feel myself prepared ;" and he entreated that his death might be a lesson to his brother to be prepared for his. He urged on his sister Mary the importance of religion, and to her and her husband's care he commended his mother, entreating them to comfort her. Taking both his parents by the hand, he said, "If I have ever said or done any thing undutiful or unkind to either of you, I pray you to forgive me." His two little sisters being presented, he merely kissed them ; manifestly restraining those feelings which their presence was so much calculated to excite. His love to them had always amounted almost to idolatry. Of his younger brother, who was absent, he said, "Poor Charles, I shall not see him." On being asked whether he would wish to partake of the sacrament before his death, and replying in the affirmative, the Rev. Dr. Lyell was sent for. He received his early and faithful friend with a smile of complacency, and partook of the sacrament with great composure and apparent satisfaction. When Dr. Lyell left him, he requested that he might be affectionately remembered to the Bishop and clergy of his Church.

At eight o'clock the three physicians called, in pursuance of an appointment made the preceding evening. After staying a few minutes, they retired; and he then requested that he might be left alone for a short time, "to collect and arrange his thoughts." This request he repeated again in the course of the forenoon; and he was left alone with the nurse for about fifteen minutes on each occasion.

From the time of the departure of the physicians, about four hours elapsed before his reason began to fail. He was often prayed with by his relations, and joined in the exercises with great apparent devotion. He listened with much interest to the fourteenth chapter of John, which was read to him. His second brother, about nineteen years old, and to whom the deceased had clung before his illness with marked affection, was constantly near him. On being called by that brother "a happy heir of immortality," he stretched out his arms, and, with ineffable affection, folded him to his bosom, and kissed him. He said to that brother, "My dear George, we shall meet in heaven."

When his father was absent from the room, he said to his mother, "I hope my dear father will be supported; he always had so much pride in his children." And to his father himself he intimated, in terms the most gentle and respectful, that he had loved his children too much. He said, "I am about to commence a long journey;" and on being asked whether he felt his own unworthiness, and the heinousness of sin, and his need of a Saviour, he answered, very

feelingly, each question in the affirmative. On being reminded that he suffered less than his Saviour had done, he answered, "Oh yes, my Saviour always suffered, from early youth, but I have had a happy life." On his father's remarking that he was about committing him to his Father in heaven, who could do better for him than his father on earth, he said, "Oh yes, my father on earth could not avert that little pang," alluding to a sensation of pain which at the moment shot across him. On his father's observing that he should soon have, as he trusted, three children in heaven, he said, "Yes, Caroline and Ellen," (meaning his two deceased sisters, the first of whom died in infancy,) "and myself." On his father's replying, "We who survive must strive to meet you there," he rejoined, "Heaven would not be heaven without our friends." On his father's remarking that God's own blessed presence would constitute a heaven, he said, "Yes, perhaps I have expressed myself wrong." The passage from the Psalms being read, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me;" and he being asked whether he could apply that passage to himself, he answered, with emphasis, that he could. His confidence grew stronger and stronger, his faith became more and more animated, and his whole countenance, which from the first, had been tranquil and composed, now lighted up with a radiance which appeared to the spectators to be heavenly. On the question being repeated, whether CHRIST appeared

more precious to him than he ever had in health, he answered with fervency in the affirmative.

As the last hour approached, he became more animated in his expressions of Christian confidence, until at length he broke forth in the language of the Apostle, his countenance brightening as he proceeded:—"‘I have fought a good fight,’ I hope I may humbly say, ‘I have finished my course; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the **LORD**, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day.’” Soon after this exclamation a spasm seized him, which all present supposed had resulted in death. He however revived in a short time, and looking around, said, with a smile of inexpressible sweetness, “I did not get off that time;” but checking himself, he added, “That was a rebellious thought, I must wait God’s time to die.”

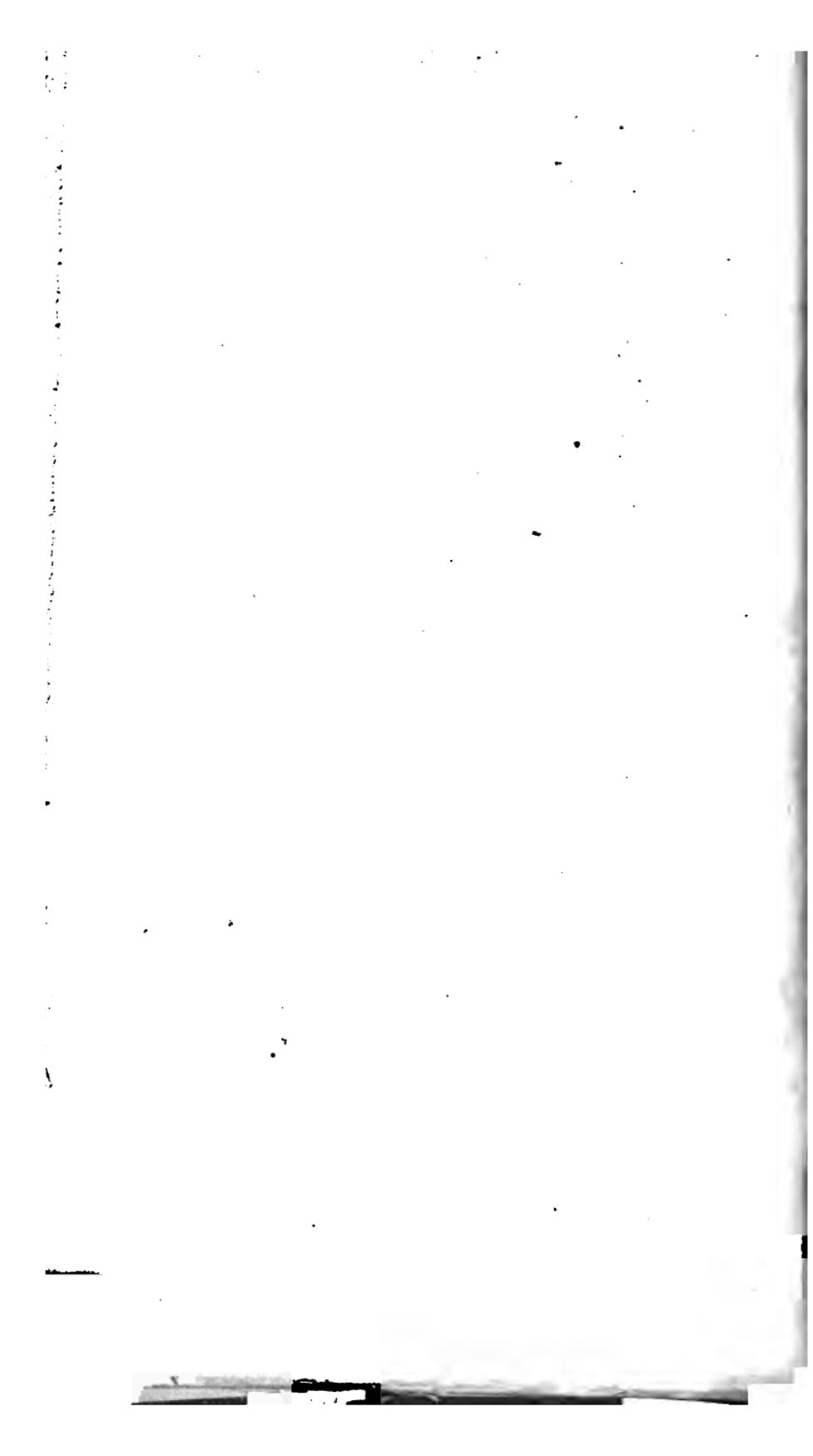
During the whole of Tuesday his sufferings had been inconsiderable, until within the last hour of his life. His fever and pain had subsided; and the mortification, it is presumed, had begun. Once, alluding to his exemption from bodily suffering, he said, “This does not feel like dying.” At another time he remarked to his father, “I certainly feel much better,” and on his father’s saying it was but a deceitful calm, he added, “I made the remark, dear father, only for your consolation.”

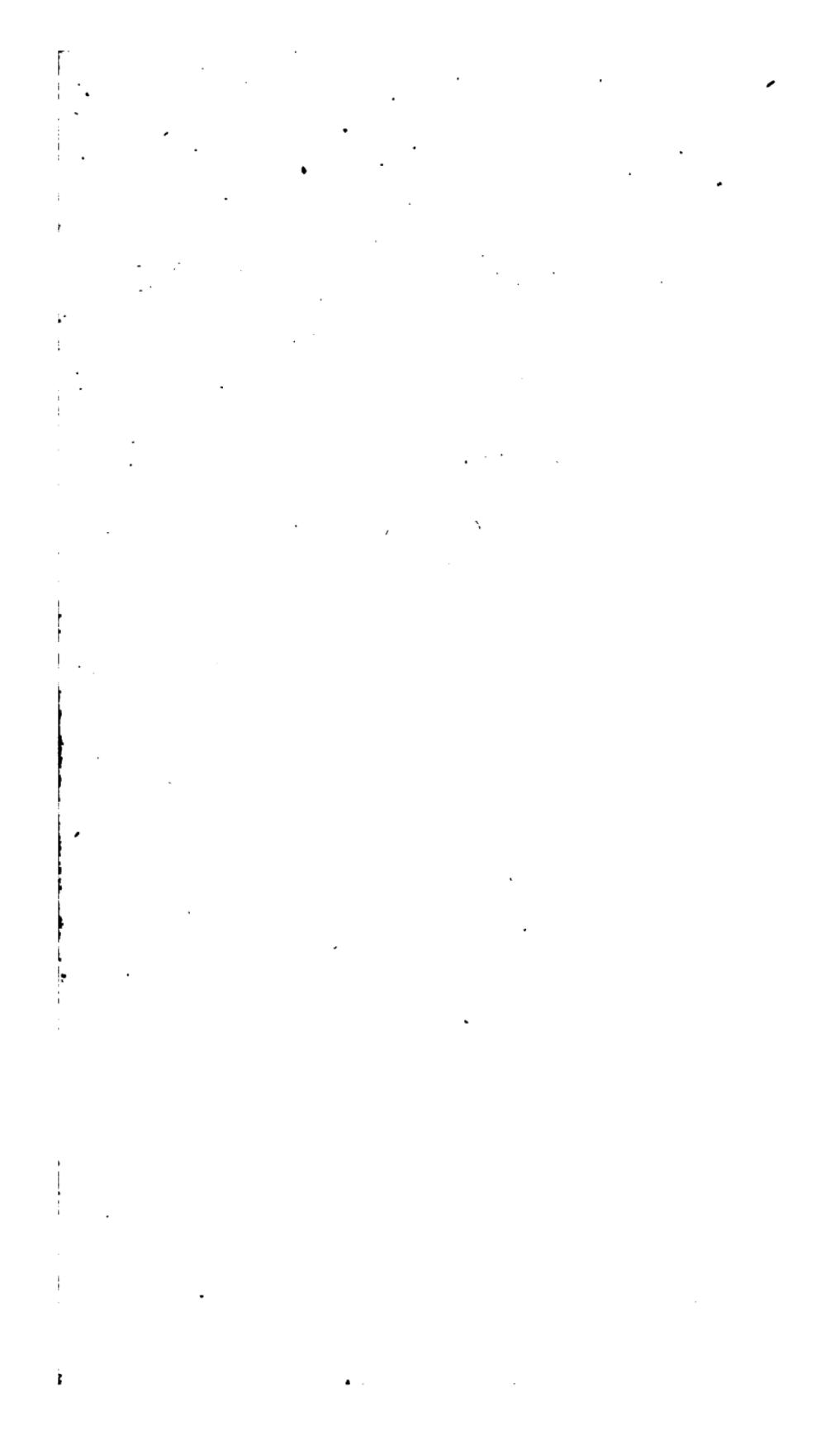
At about half-past twelve o’clock, the *death-struggle* became more violent; and his reason, which till then had remained clear and lucid, became wavering. Thenceforth his friends forbore any attempts at con-

versation ; and gave way, in a measure, to the intensity of those feelings which they had hitherto striven to suppress. Even in this extremity he appeared to feel more for his weeping relatives than for himself. Once he said, " I shall exhaust you all ;" and a little afterward, casting on his father a smile never to be forgotten, he said, " Dear father, can you endure me a little longer ?" He expired at a quarter before two. His dust sleeps by the side of his beloved sister : their spirits, we may trust, dwell together in a better world.

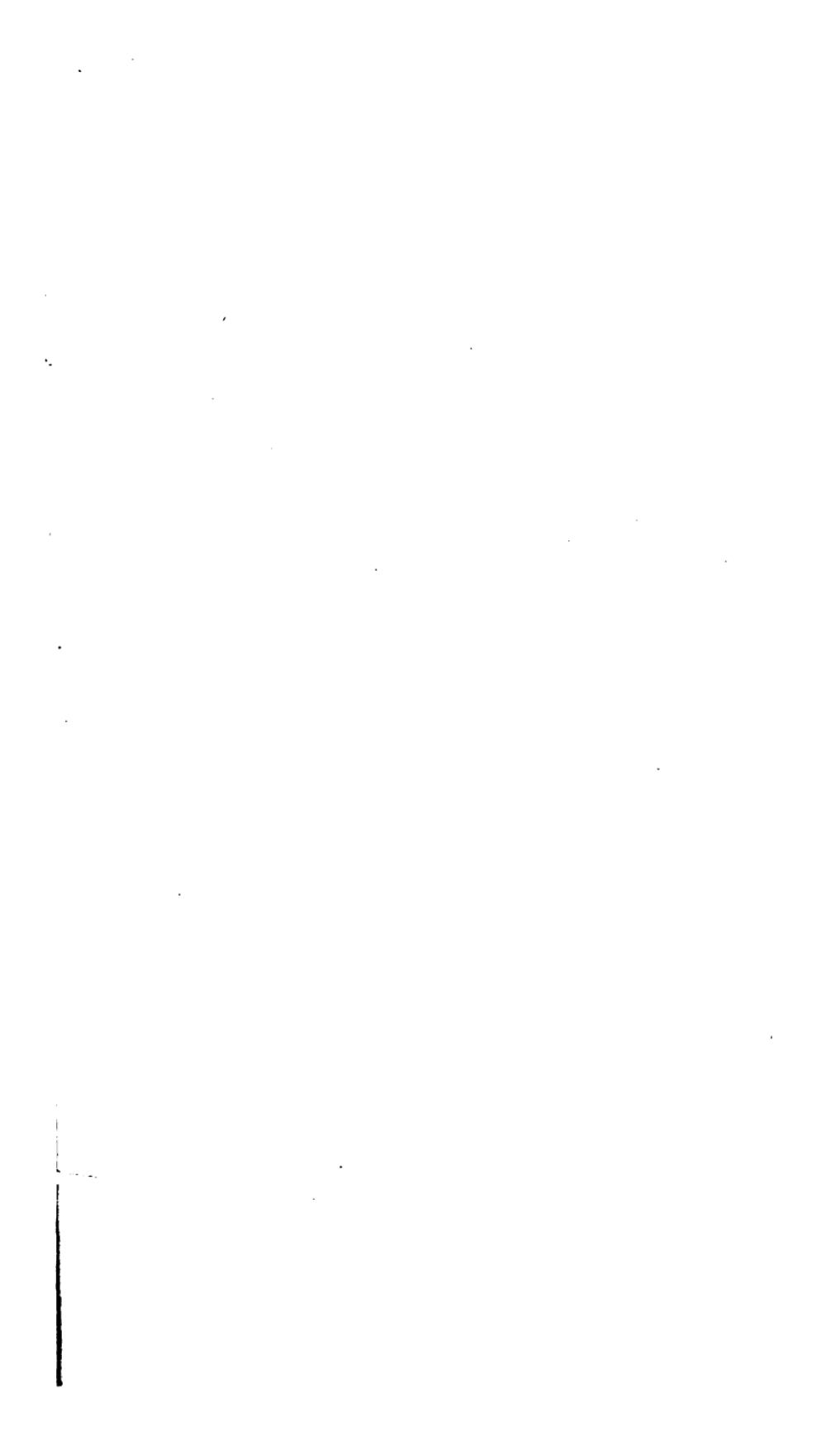
To this communication the author has nothing to add, but the statement made him by the Rev. Dr. Lyell : " That he had seen deaths more triumphant, but, under circumstances so trying, never one so calm and tranquil."

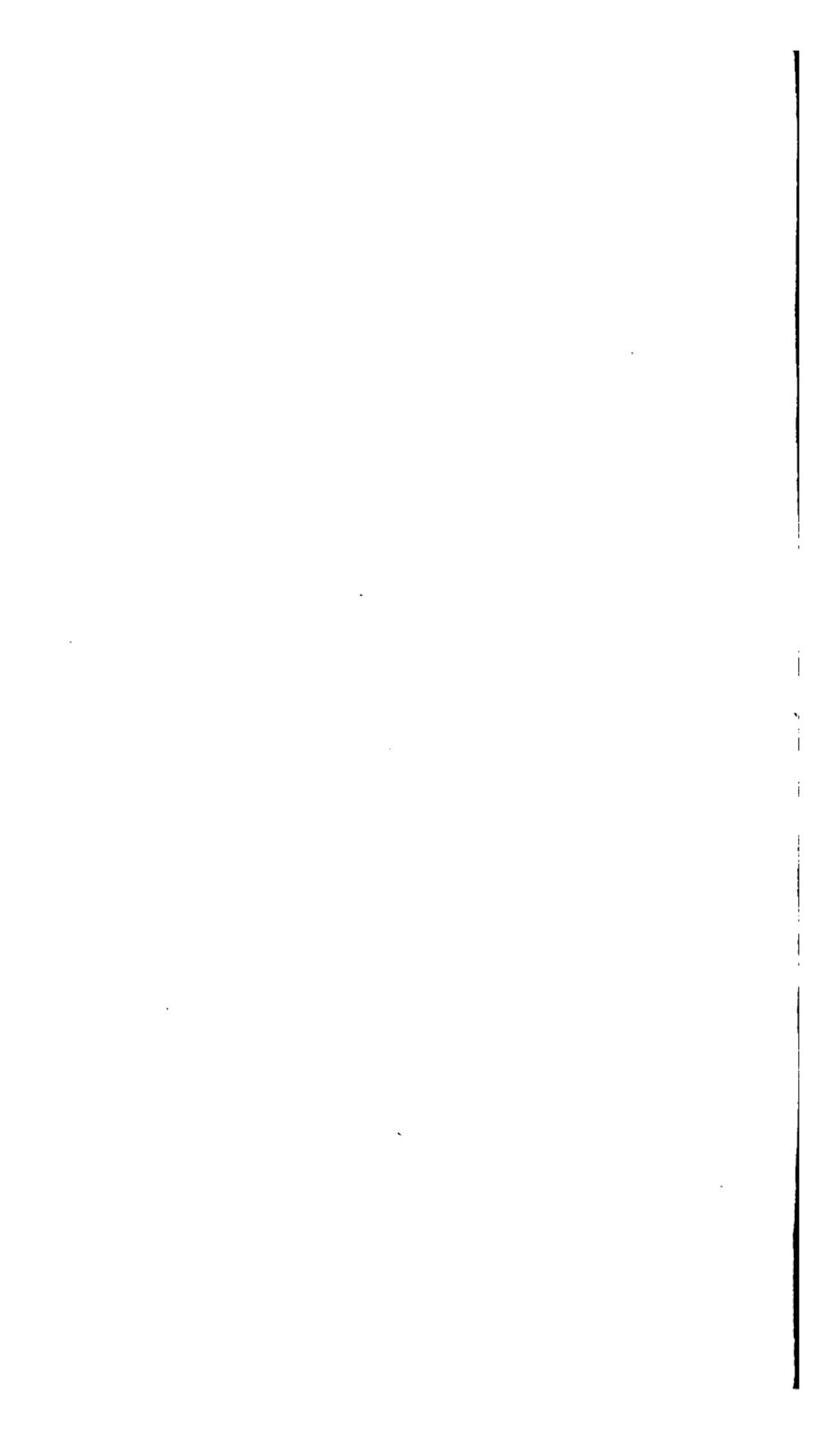
Thus closed the life of this amiable, pious, and talented young man. The aged cumberer of the earth is left, while the youthful Christian warrior is taken away, just as he is buckling on his armor for the battle. Yet thus it is that reason is ever baffled when it seeks to enter into the deep counsels of God ; and it is perhaps for this very reason, to teach man humility and the nothingness of himself and all things human, that death is permitted so often to snatch his victims out of the very instruments which God seems to have prepared for usefulness on earth. The shock given to the mind by one such breach upon the hopes and order of nature, does more to break down the barriers of worldly confidence, to arouse the





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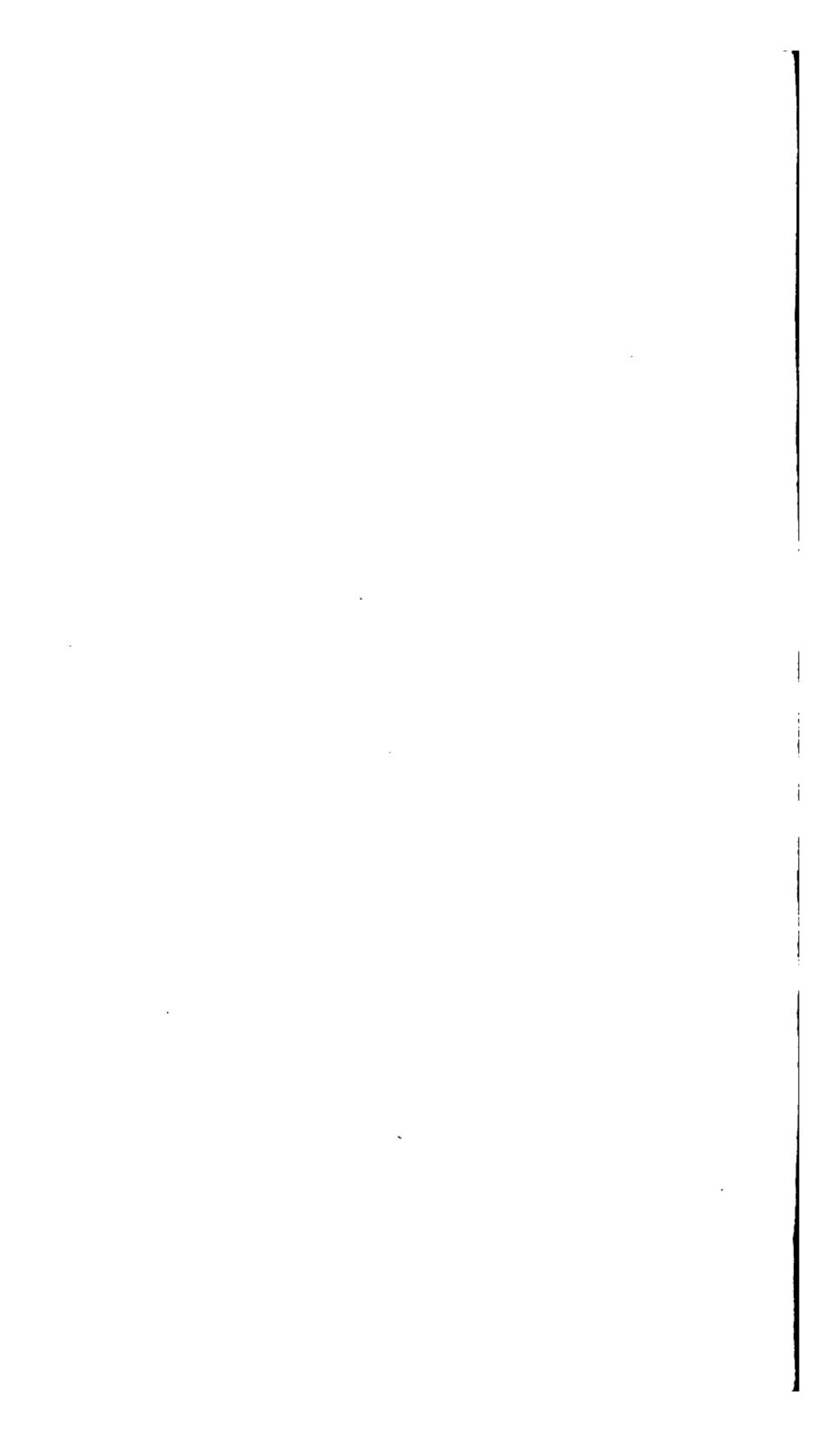




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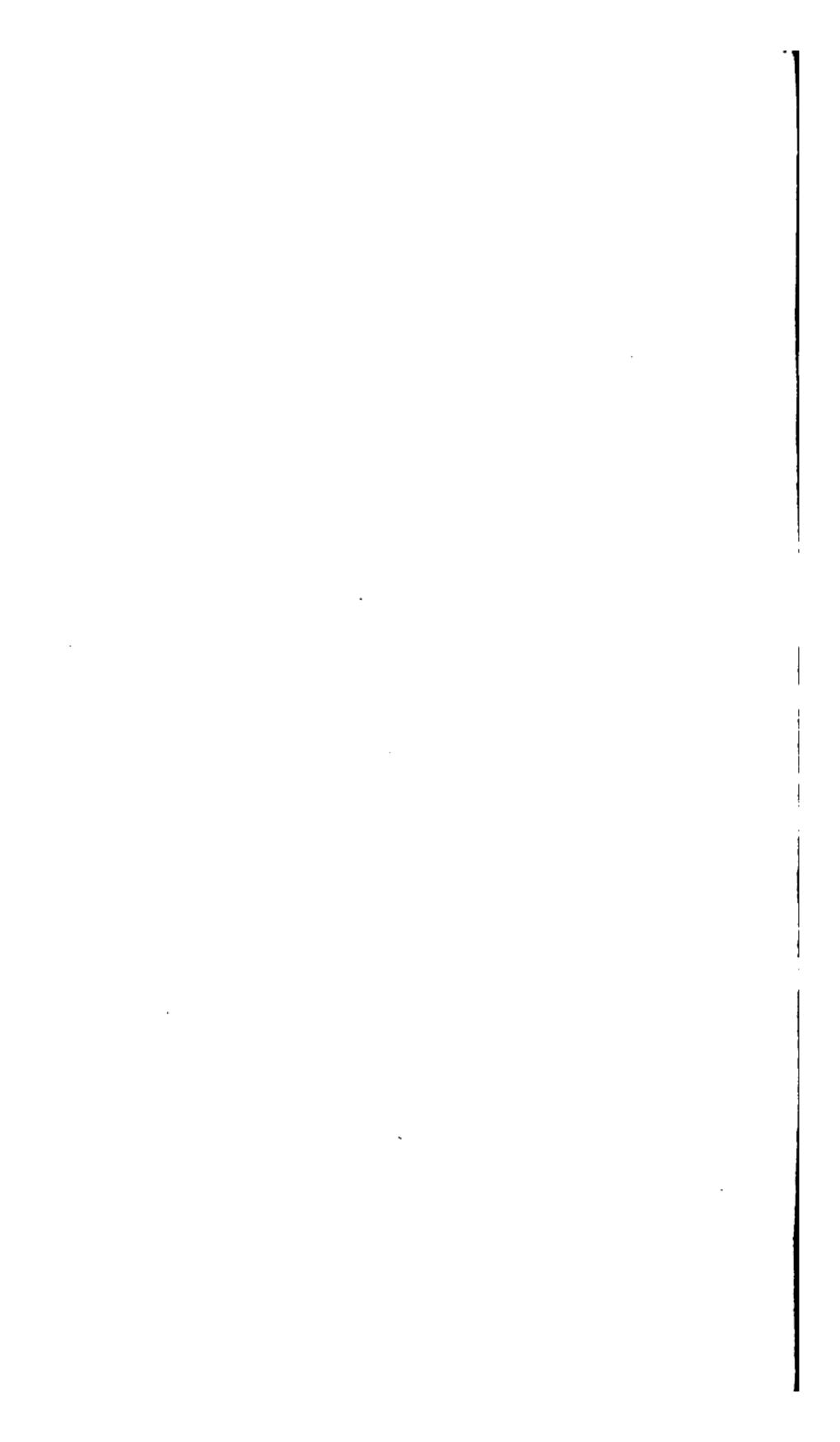
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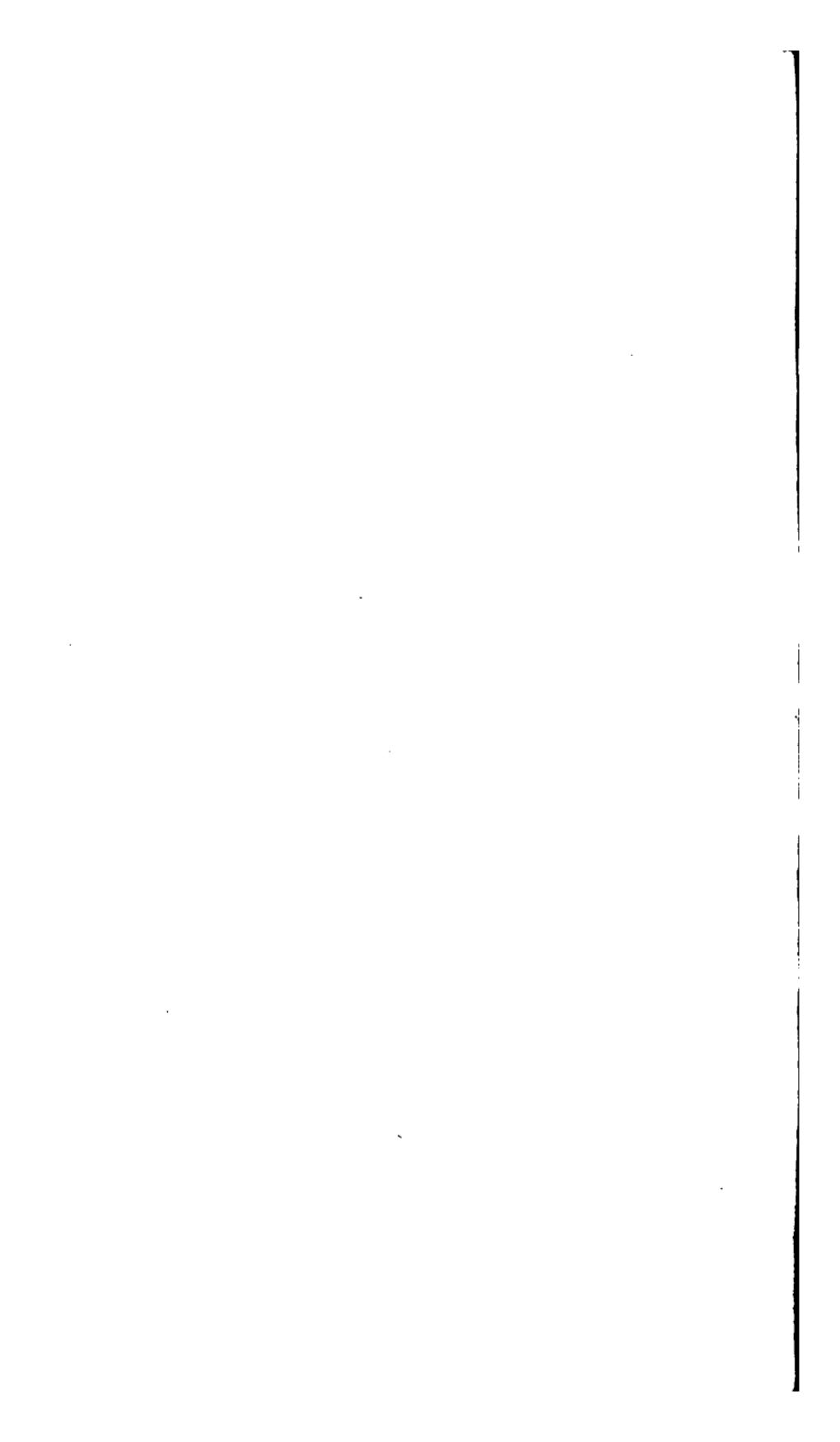
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